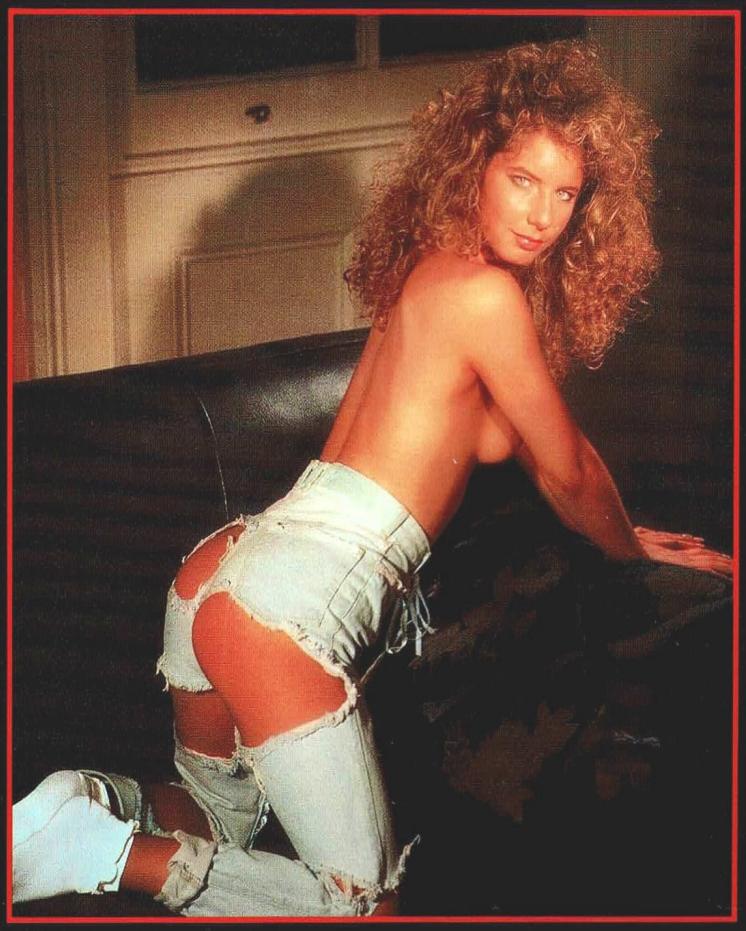
Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE AUSTRALIAN MEN'S MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER 1989

BLACK LABEL EDITION



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PENTHOUSE
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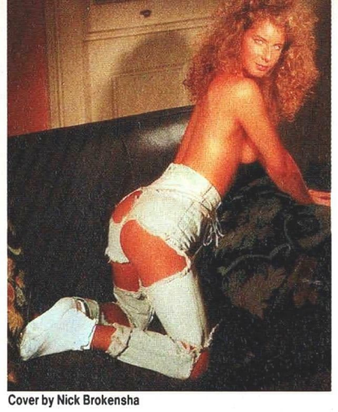
Cover by Nick Brokensha

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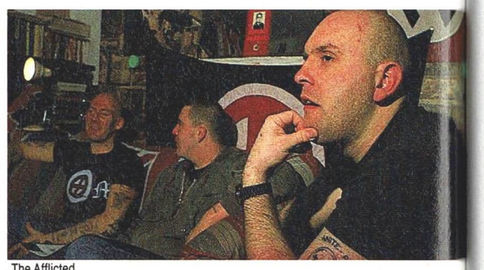
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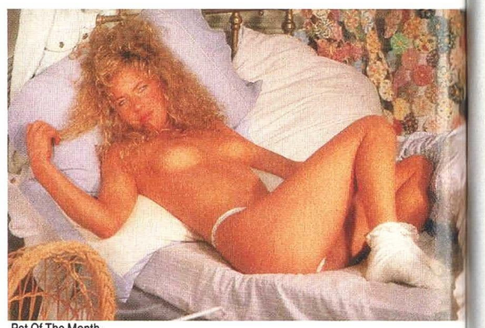
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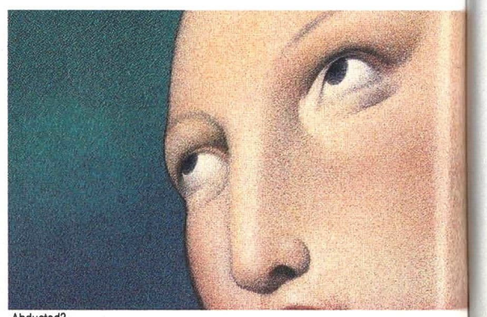
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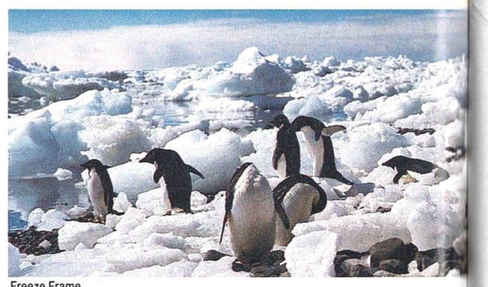
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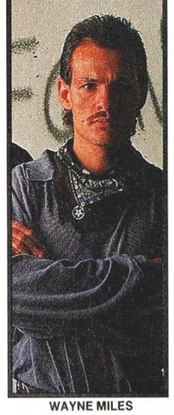
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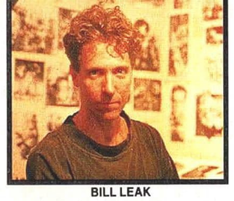
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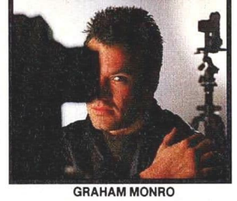
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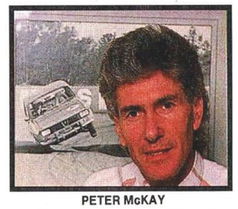
PETER McKAY

HOUSECALL

THE AFFLICTED
Britain's skinhead gangs are growing fast. These are not just alienated youths resorting to fashion shock tactics to shake up their parents, but an ugly and well-ordered political force — volatile, racist and violent. On page 88, investigative photojournalist **Wayne Miles** presents a frightening look at the skinhead movement, a burgeoning cult that demands that Thatcher's Britain take notice.

ABDUCTED
Just how genuine are the bizarre stories of those who claim to have been kidnapped by extraterrestrials and subjected to weird examinations — and worse? With the recent publication of bestsellers like Whitley Streiber's *Communion* and an imminent film of the same name, controversy over UFO abductions rages. Noted local expert **Bill Chalker** presents a reasoned and rational look at the evidence on page 54. Artist **Nigel Buchanan** beamed down the illustration.

HOLIDAYS IN HELL
As increasing numbers of eminent Australians find themselves behind bars, becoming a guest of Her Majesty has started to lose its stigma. But will you really meet a better class of people in jail? And what about the facilities — are they as luxurious as some pompous citizens tell us on talk-back radio? Starting on page 54, with illustrations by **Bill Leak**, **Jean Norman** reviews NSW prison accommodation. Her conclusions are unlikely to have you clamoring to cop a lagging.

FREEZE FRAME
The fragile ecology of the most desolate place on the planet is under threat. Mining, tourism and other influences are rapidly ruining Antarctica's pristine wilderness. On page 74, **Tony Jones** presents an emotive and eloquent plea for the preservation of the coldest continent. Jones' photography of Antarctica's icy beauty reinforces his arguments.

THE AUDI ENIGMA
Audi has always had an identity problem in Australia. Despite the fact that the German company turned the motoring world upside down in the early Eighties with its streamlined, futuristic, turbocharged mean machines, the brand has been an elusive catch for local enthusiasts. Now the latest Audi model — the quattro — is available to the Australian motoring public. Turn to page 50, where Motoring Editor **Peter McKay** tells you why the orders are pouring in. **Graham Monro** shot the accompanying photos.

SQUAWK
Patto and Johnsie knew they'd bitten off more than they could chew when they realised the old woman whose house they were robbing had croaked it. But when the old girl's pet cockatoo started to screech one of the burglar's names they knew they were really in over their heads. Don't miss **Roger Raftery's** latest hilarious fiction starting on page 58, complemented by **Amanda Upton's** artwork.

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NOVEMBER

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

Is a dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of Australian *Penthouse*— its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals), although these will be withheld on request. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse Box 42, Cammeray, NSW 2062. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Woes of women's rags

I just finished reading the article Women's Rags in the August issue of *Penthouse*. Much as I hate to admit it, the sentiments expressed in this article regarding the content of most women's magazines are regrettably true.

The proliferation and content of such magazines does nothing to address some of the real woes of womankind. The fact that some of these publications enjoy a wide circulation, and presumably people read them, is a frightening indictment of the way women view themselves and society in general.

I'm positive if more women read *Penthouse* (that is, went to the source if you like), these "rags" would soon be consigned to the pages of history. Thanks *Penthouse. — Ms Melinda Davis, Holland Park, Brisbane, Qld*

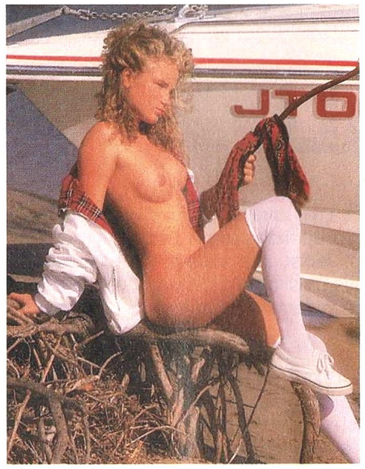
Not mad but bad

Women's Rags (August *Penthouse*) was a first class article! I was also impressed with Paul Wilson's Mad Or Bad, mainly because I have worked in some Victorian prisons and have come in contact with several prisoners who, in my opinion, were responsible for their crimes but who were given reduced sentences because of "diminished responsibility" due to insanity at the time of the crime.

Over the years I have noticed that most of the aforementioned prisoners offended again after being released, which might be regarded as an indication of madness, but I believe that most of the men knew exactly what they were planning to do on release and exactly what the consequences might be. I also believe that the men knew the advantages to be had if they were thought to be "not the full quid." Paul Wilson's article is timely and accurate. — *Name and address withheld*

Femmes fatales

Congratulations on the article Femmes Fatales (July *Penthouse*) about Australia's young female pentathletes. I was most interested to note that both words and photos were by local pentathlete Alex Watson. The story was great, but the photos were out of this world. I got such a buzz out of them that I felt almost as if I'd guzzled about 20 cups of coffee. Good one, Alex. — *K. Sanderson, Adelaide, SA*



Jamie . . . the stuff of dreams

Sweet dreams

Your August centrefold Jamie Vanden Hooven was just gorgeous. She's the kind of girl that dreams are made of. Consider this a vote for Jamie as Pet Of The Century. — *Name and address withheld*

Candid camera

Your September pictorial starting on page 97 featured the worst looking dog I have ever seen in your magazine. What are you, Australia's leading men's magazine or the organ of the RSPCA? The girl in question may well be a charming conversationalist, a knockout dancer, a superior intellect and the possessor of a kind heart — but *Penthouse* material she was not. Did you just bung her in to make your other Pets look good? Okay, so I'm being a bit harsh on the poor lass. She did have great tits. Shame about the boat race. — *Name and address withheld*

Bush lovers

I have just received the latest issue which is, as usual, great. Congratulations to you and your team. Especially, on behalf of my wife, a big thank you for Going Bush in your August Black Label edition. You have featured this type of pictorial before, but sadly, a long time between drinks. If possible, more, more — that's what my wife says and I know in this case she was referring to Going Bush. Keep up the good work. — *Bob Mackay, Cheltenham, Vic*

Waterhouse Blues

I am writing to congratulate you on your September issue. It's cover-to-cover full of gorgeous girls and centrefold Nicki Williams is simply ravishing — this Tasmanian devil certainly got her claws into me. The second instalment of the Ian Botham interview by Greg Hunter was as great a piece of journalism as the first, almost as good as the Wally Lewis interview. The only downfall of the issue was the Robbie Waterhouse piece. I don't feel the slightest bit sorry for poor old Robbie, and think he shouldn't be allowed anywhere within betting distance of a racecourse. — *T. Winters, Cheltenham, Vic*

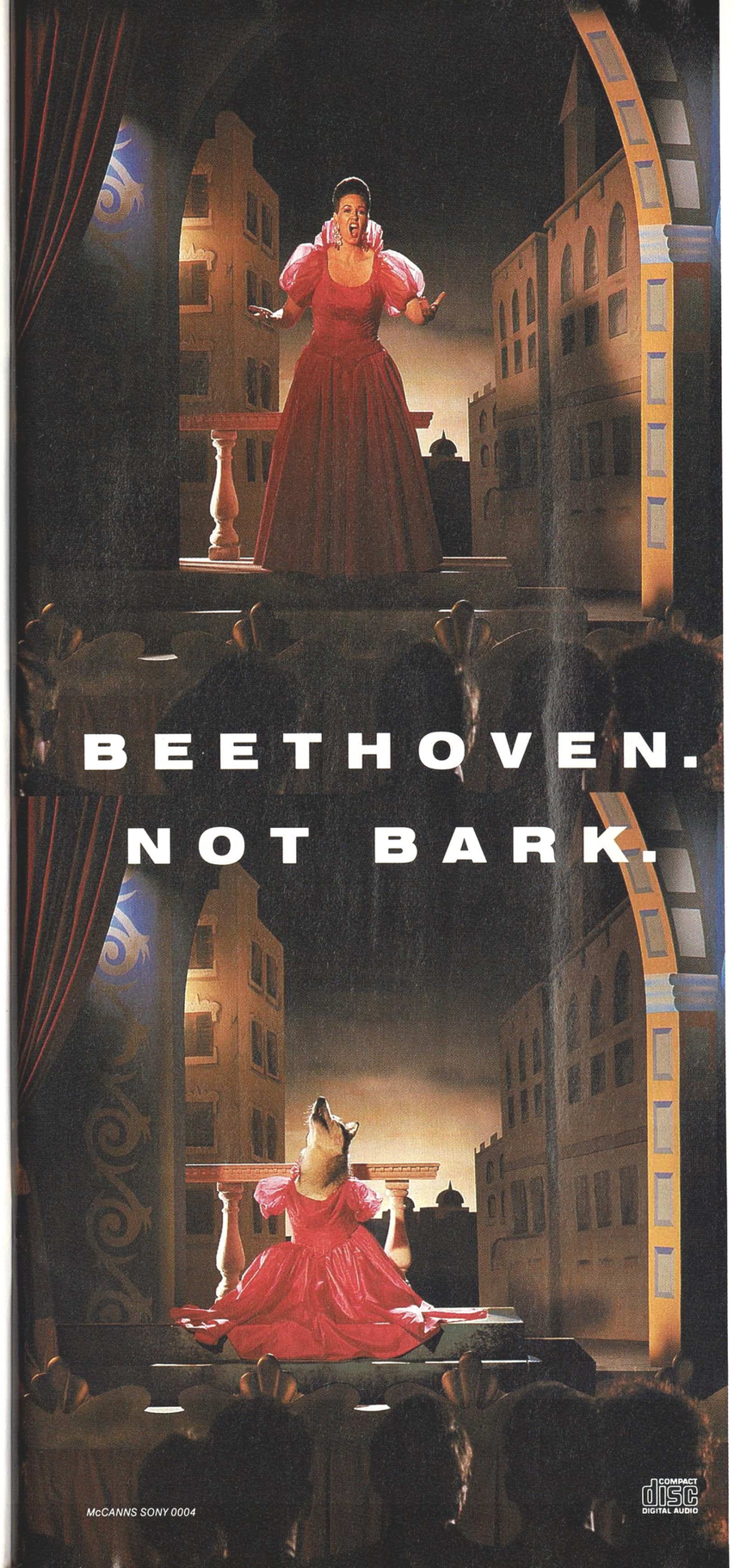
Safe bet

I'm an avid reader of *Penthouse* every month and congratulate you on your consistently gorgeous models. I've just finished devouring your August issue, though, and have fallen well and truly in lust with Tamora Kelly (Safety First). I would love to see more of this stunning brunette and I think it's great that she realises safe sex doesn't have to be boring. She has to be a safe bet for Pet Of The Year, or at least a runner-up. — *Bill Barnsley, Cronulla, NSW*

Eat it

We like your Black Label edition at the Surf Club so much that it has become part of one of our great traditions known as the "Soggy Sao." The rules of the game are pretty simple, and the real aim is not to come last. A biscuit or slice of bread is put on top of a stool and we stand around in a circle and play with our tools. A really good boxy shot of a foxy lady from the magazine is used as permissible inspiration and the object is to pump spunk all over the biscuit as quickly as possible. The last bloke to come has to eat it. Because of the fear of AIDS the game has been slightly altered. We now pop the biscuit into the snack shop microwave for a few seconds to kill off any nasties. This makes it into a hot, crusty bit of harmless protein, and if you sprinkle a bit of cheese on top it is indistinguishable from a toasted cheese snack.

We belong to one of the hot-shot boat crews in the eastern suburbs of Sydney. Some of your readers will have no trouble working out which one. — *Name and address withheld*



Whether it be a symphony by Schubert or a minuet by Mozart, there's no better way to savour the sounds of your most preferred piece than via the compact disc. Of course, any compact disc is only as good as the player on which it is played.

Which beckons the question, which compact disc player is best for you?

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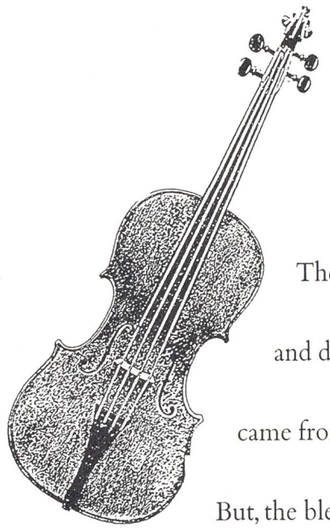
"There are some things you fiddle with, and some you don't."

WIL McCOY



The true pleasure in the fiddle music

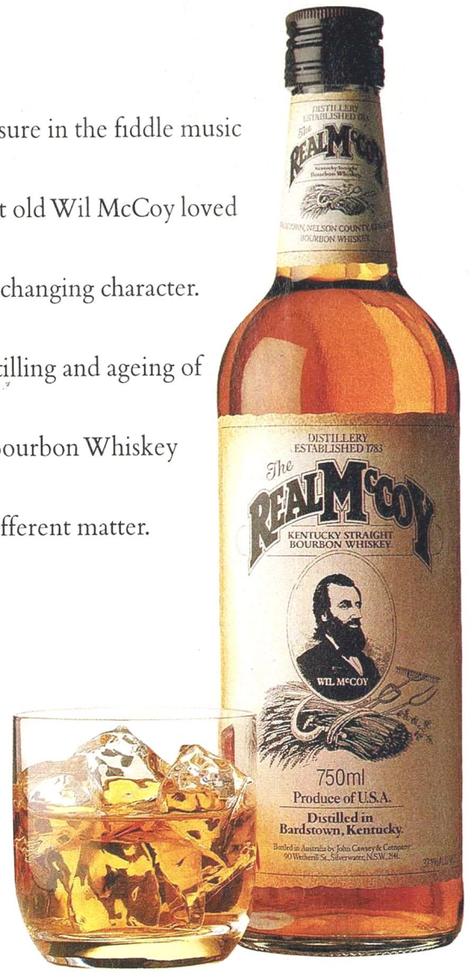
and dancing that old Wil McCoy loved

came from its ever-changing character.

But, the blending, distilling and ageing of

his fine Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey

...well, that's an entirely different matter.



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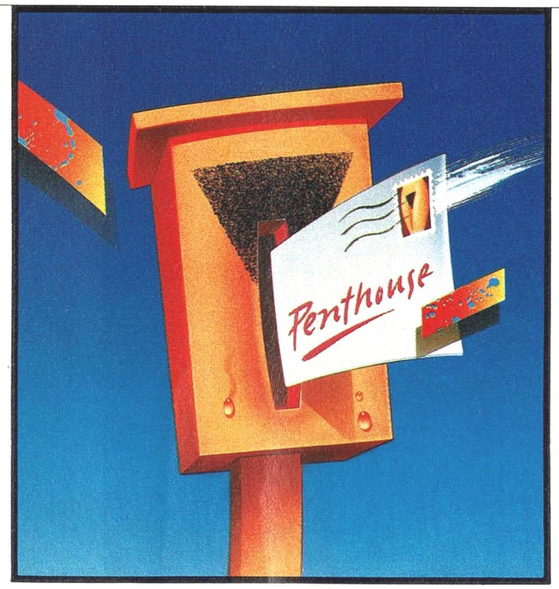


Twice the fun

My wife, Clarissa, and I enjoy all kinds of sexual experiences, from threesomes to group parties. We have been to parties with as many as 25 couples, but one of the best experiences yet was a threesome with another male partner.

My wife loves to give head. She especially loves to have a man come in her mouth. The more he comes the more she likes it. She especially likes large parties when the men outnumber the women. This may give you a clue to how special this threesome, and this particular man, was.

We went to a party one night with a couple, Sue and Chad, whom we know well and party with often. Sue and I were hanging out in one of the bedrooms with several other couples. We moved into a corner of the room to watch and listen to the pleasure of the others while Sue played with my cock and whispered in my ear.

"I've got to tell you about something that happened last week. Chad and I know this straight couple, Paul and Donna. Well, I was talking with Donna about some of the experiences Chad and I have shared and she was interested, but she told me that her husband was very straight. She said she had a difficult time satisfying him. I didn't think too much of it at the time, but she called me later and asked if Chad would mind if I went over to pay Paul and her a visit. It was Paul's birthday and she thought she could loosen him up enough for a threesome. I said that it was okay with me and I knew Chad wouldn't mind.

"Anyway, I went over there last week and found out why her husband is so hard to satisfy. You aren't going to believe it, but I swear it's true."

"Ten inches?" I asked.

"No, something even more incredible."

"Twelve inches?"

"Four," she said.

"Four inches?"

"Four balls."

"What?"

"Two sets of balls. The man has four balls and he can come a ton. Clare would love it."

"He has four balls?"

"Yes. His wife told me that some Russian guy named Rasputin supposedly had two sets. It's rare, but it does happen. When this guy comes, he doesn't just come twice as much, he comes four times as much and about ten times as often. I can see why his wife has trouble satisfying him. He needs about four women, or a mouth like Clare's."

Just the thought of watching Clare go to work on him had me excited. Sue continued to work on my cock as it grew harder.

"Let me tell you what happened. He was standing up, and I was kneeling in front of him, giving him head. When he came, it was like a river of come gushing from the corners of my mouth, down my neck, over my boobs, all the way down to my pussy for at least 15 seconds. It was incredible."

We both looked over to the bed where Chad was fucking Clare doggy-style at the end of a king-size bed. It turned me on even more to watch her.

"What a gift that would be," I said.

"What a surprise, if we could get him to come to a party."

"Do you think he would?"

"He wouldn't bring his wife. He might come alone," she said as she positioned herself in front of me.

"Why don't you think about it while you watch Clare and come in my mouth?"

Thus was born the night that Clare will never forget. I didn't tell her what was coming — and coming and coming — as it was to be a surprise. Paul came over on a Friday evening and it took some persuading to get him over. It was the day before Valentine's Day. Sue had convinced him to come by telling him that it was a Valentine's present for Clare, much like the birthday present his wife had given him.

We have a hot tub outside our living room which we had turned on early in the evening. By seven the steam was so thick the tub couldn't be seen. The sliding glass doors were closed, but I could see Clare outside, wearing her string bikini that barely covered her nipples. Her arse was totally revealed and she wore high heels. We made margaritas with Mescal Tequila and were feeling pretty good by the time Paul arrived.

Clare put on a beach jacket and went to get the door. We didn't want to scare him off. She went to the kitchen and I took him to the hot tub. I noticed the look he gave Clare as she walked out with more margaritas. She took off her jacket and sat in the tub with us. I guess we stayed in for half an hour, talking and drinking. We got up to go in and dance.

Clare turned out the lights so that the only light came from the fireplace. She asked Paul to dance to a soft song, placing her hands on his hips to pull him close. His hands hesitatingly slipped down to caress her arse and she moaned. She rubbed her hand over the Speedos he was wearing.

"I want to suck your cock and swallow your come," she said as she dropped down to her knees to pull his bathing suit down.

His cock popped up hard as a rock. It was average length, but thick. He lay down on the carpet in front of the fireplace, and Clare knelt between his legs as she sucked his cock. I knelt behind her and reached between her legs to massage her clit, and she started to

moan as he began the climb to his orgasm. As he started to come, her moans changed from sounds of joy to surprise and then to shock.

"My God," she said, gasping for air as she removed her mouth from his cock. She worked her hand up and down his shaft to keep him going, and he was *going*. His come spurted about 12 inches in the air and fell down over Clare's tits. She leaned over to suck him again and after about ten seconds removed her mouth and aimed his love juice at her breasts. His cock finally quit shooting but was still as hard as it had been when he started. Clare took his cock in her hand and rubbed it over her face and breasts, licking the wet drops that fell on her mouth.

She turned and kissed me, rubbing the come on her cheek into mine. We licked and kissed as he watched and started to moan.

"Suck me some more," he said. "I'm going to come again."

This time Clare kept up with him. I could see the muscles of his stomach tighten and relax as he shot his load into her eager mouth. He must have come three or four times, and Clare never missed a drop. Finally he gave a tremendous moan as his cock started to relax. Clare kissed my mouth and shared the come with me. She was really excited, so I entered her and fucked hard. She went into ecstasy, rubbing her face in the pool of come on Paul's stomach. Her orgasm was long and intense. I held mine back.

We rolled over and lay beside each other. Her eyes looked glazed. "He comes so fast and so much and so long," she said, still catching her breath.

We looked over at Paul, whose cock was hard again. I was lying on my back, and Clare got on all fours over me so that I could look up at her face and breasts which were still dripping with wet come.

"Fuck my pussy, Paul," she said as she looked down into my eyes, "Fuck my pussy good."

He immediately got on his knees behind her and began to fuck her pussy. I looked up into her excited eyes.

"Four balls," I said to her. "He has four balls. He's going to shoot come in you and on you all night long and I want to look at your pussy after he fucks you."

She was already coming when Paul began to shoot still another load in her pussy. Her eyes opened wide as he let it go.

"Oh," she cried, "there's so much. It's so hot. Oh God! Fuck me. Fill my pussy with your hot come!"

He shot his load for a good 30 seconds non-stop, then started to fuck again. I could hear his dick squishing in her juice-filled pussy. He seemed to have endless stamina. I could feel the come dripping from Clare's pussy on to my cock as Paul came again and again until his limp cock slipped from her pussy.

Clare turned around and sat on my face, rubbing her come-dripping pussy all over my mouth. She rose up to drip fuck juice into my open mouth. I pulled her down and eagerly sucked deep into her wet pussy. Then she got up and turned to let her wet pussy slip over my cock, and we fucked while Paul watched. He had his dick in his hand and was pumping it until once again he was coming. "Fuck her hard," he called out to me.

I didn't know if I was fucking or being fucked but it was an incredible feeling. I felt the come shoot from my cock up into my wife's hot pussy. It came streaming back out and down my balls. Clare's face showed her pleasure and added to my excitement. We all three came down, and Clare stood up, feet apart, and let the rivers of come stream down her legs while Paul and I knelt in front of her and licked it off her thighs. We took turns sucking the come from her pussy and she started to come again.

Paul pulled her to the floor. "I've got to come again," he told her. "All over you."

Clare lay down on her back and Paul knelt over her. I was watching from the other side as Paul worked his hand back and forth on his cock until he was coming again. Huge wet streams splashed on Clare's nipples, stomach and thighs. She rubbed it into her skin and laughed happily. She scooped up a fingerful and dripped it into her mouth.

Paul took the signal and moved to position his cock about three inches above her eager open mouth. I found myself starting to come too. Paul was shooting his come into her open mouth, so I moved next to him and directed my come into her mouth.

Clare began to moan and her hands rubbed over her come-wet body. Having two men come in her mouth at the same time set her off. Her fingers were down at her pussy, prodding and rubbing as she had the deepest, most prolonged orgasm I'd ever seen her have. We were all there at once, in the same space at the same time, but unable to speak.

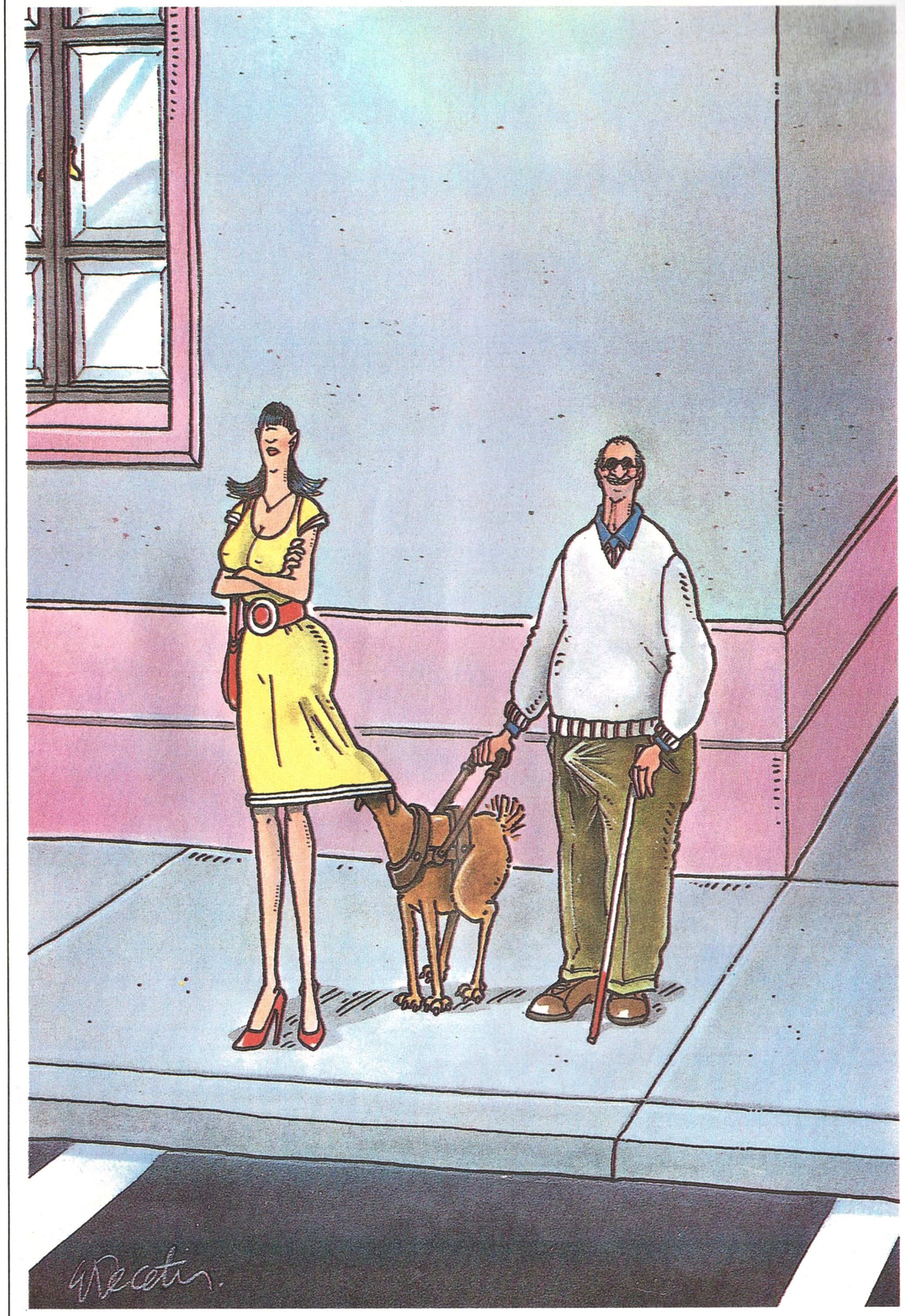
We slowly drifted back to everyday reality and helped one another to our feet. We went to the hot tub and downed much-needed margaritas. It was a night to remember, and Clare can still make herself come just thinking about it.

Paul has unfortunately moved away and we haven't seen him for a year. Clare is thankful for the experience. It was a Valentine's Day to remember, and one to try and better each year. — *Name and address withheld*

"Remember that dragging noise you were asking about . . ."

Attentive

I met her in the crowded bar of a hotel.



APB10612-A SMS0372 Hertz Walpole

Smirnoff. Too good to stay behind bars.

FORUM

The room was dimly lit, but I could see that she was beautiful. She was a dark brunette with a strip of natural silver flowing through her hair. She was tall, with dark brown eyes and aquiline features. Her smile was appealing and sexy. She wore a navy blue suit that was accented with white bows for buttons, and her stockings were white to match. She was self-assured and businesslike, but I watched her and didn't care if she noticed.

She stood to straighten her skirt and I saw that she had a nice shapely arse and slim, muscular legs. Her dark hair was thick and wavy, and I imagined that the texture and natural curl was repeated between her legs. She was married too; she wore a silver wedding band on the fourth finger of her left hand. My instincts told me she was on the make. I could sense it in the way she looked around the room. When she glanced my way, our eyes met and hers told me she was interested. After a few drinks I had the courage I needed and felt it was time to make my move.

"Excuse me," I said, walking up to her bar stool, "may I buy you a drink?" She looked up and smiled somewhat shyly.

"I'd like that," she replied. "I'm drinking screwdrivers."

I smiled and pulled up an empty stool, looking forward to a night of intrigue and, hopefully, lovemaking. One drink led to another and eventually they took their toll; Shelley was tipsy.

Earlier in the evening she had been sitting rigidly on her stool and her conversation had been impersonal, the kind of small talk that led nowhere. Now she appeared relaxed, loose. Our hands and legs were making contact and the conversation was more fluid. When the time seemed right, I whispered in her ear, "How about going to my room?" She tensed and was quiet, then softly whispered back, "Why not?"

I stood and took her by the hand to help her up. As she got to her feet, her legs opened slightly and I caught a glimpse of her inner thighs and white lace panties. Her legs looked soft, smooth and inviting. Her panties bulged and outlined the shape of her cunt.

We eased our way through the crowded bar and I could feel envious eyes upon me. Moving casually through the hotel lobby, we got in the lift and rode it four flights to my single-bed hotel suite. I opened the door and turned on a dim light which gave the room a glowing effect. I sat on the edge of the bed and pulled Shelley down on my lap. Reaching around, I grabbed her buttocks and squeezed. She offered no resistance. Our lips met and I buried my tongue deep in her wet mouth. She sucked on my tongue and ran hers over my teeth. Her mouth was moist and I ran my tongue over her teeth.

While kissing, I reached my hand between her legs to the warm treasure there. She opened her thighs to provide an easy path for me to follow. I adjusted my sitting position on the bed and eased her white pantyhose down to her knees to slip my fingers beneath the front of her tight silk panties. A warm sensation came over me when I realised that her hair was as thick and curly as I had suspected.

I buried my fingers in the thickness and rolled the hair around them. She moaned ever so quietly and became as moist between the legs as she had been in her mouth. I slid a finger into her body and found that she had a tight, gripping cunt. I probed her crevice with small in-and-out motions, not wanting to rush her. She responded by bucking up to meet my fingers, pressing her body up to my hand.

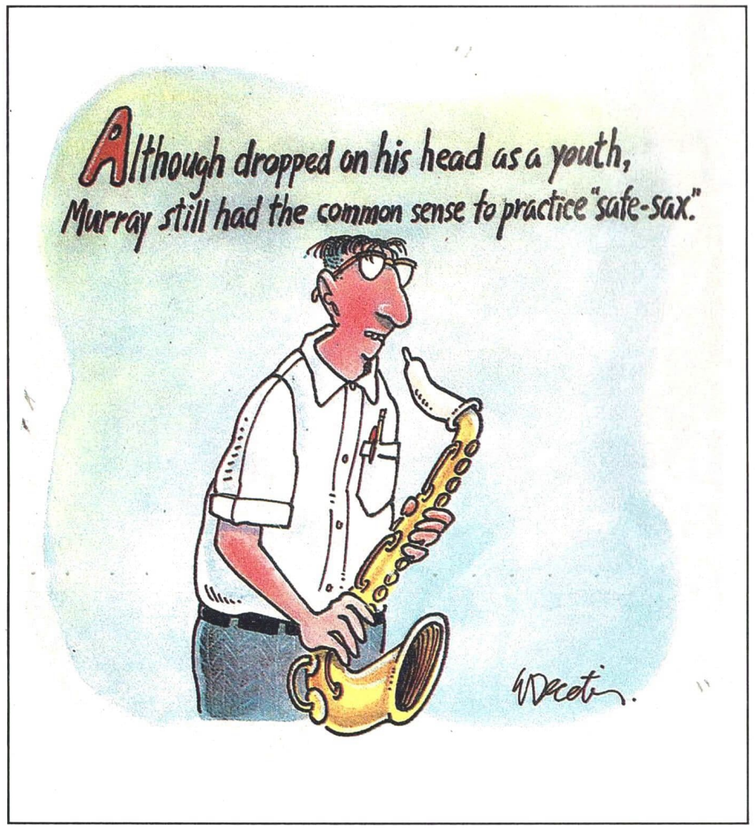
I stood up and started to undress her, taking off her shoes and pantyhose, skirt and jacket. She stood before me, clad in her bra and panties. I reached around her to find the clasp to her bra. I snapped it in my fingers and the bra fell to the floor, allowing her pear-shaped breasts to fall into my hands. Her nipples were large and round. I admired them as I slipped her panties down to her knees, spreading her legs to allow maximum exposure. Her panties dropped silently to the floor and she kicked them aside with her toes. She was mine for the taking, but she was walking away.

She turned and walked to the wall, her buttocks facing me. She spread her legs and leaned forward, hands against the wall just about knee-level. She made a circular motion with her hips and waited for me to do something, something to her behind!

I sat down on the bed and took a deep breath as I realised what she wanted. I wrapped my arms around her from the back, placed my hands around to the front of her stomach and pulled her toward me. She pressed her hands hard on her knees and pushed her small, shapely bottom closer to my face. "Use your tongue," she said.

I gripped her cheeks and spread them slightly, then buried my tongue deep inside her arsehole. I licked tentatively and it wasn't so bad. Her smell was musty and exciting. I sucked her anus, burying my tongue deep into her with a circular motion, then darted in and out swiftly. She moaned softly, obviously enjoying the pleasure she was receiving. I worked two fingers into her warm cunt and drilled them in and out. She moved her hips in rhythm with my licking and fingering. My cock was bursting from my pants and I knew that I had to have relief.

I turned Shelley around and gently forced her to her knees. She didn't hesi-



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From the Stubbies Clothing Company Limited.

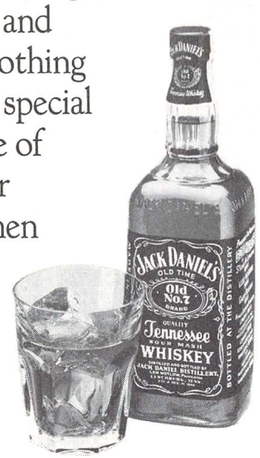
New from TABS®. A distinctive range of summer casual fashions, designed to take you anywhere in the world. Get into TABS® shirts, tops, pants and shorts at department stores and menswear retailers now.

Y&RB STU 1787

If you'd like a booklet about Jack Daniel's Whiskey, write us a letter here in Lynchburg, Tennessee 37352, U.S.A.

WOODSMEN DROP IN from all around Tennessee carrying truckloads of maple for Jack Daniel's.

It has to be hard, sugar maple taken from high ground. Our Jack Bateman (that's him saying hello to the driver) will split it and stack it and burn it to get charcoal. And nothing smooths out whiskey like this special charcoal does. Of course, none of these woodsmen work regular hours. So you never know when they'll drop in. But after a sip of Jack Daniel's, we believe, you'll know why they're always welcome.



JACK DANIEL'S TENNESSEE WHISKEY

APB7792-A E585

FORUM

tate. I reached behind her head and pulled her face into my crotch. She picked up my cue and fell to it; her delicate hand unzipped my pants and she reached in to grasp my cock. Within seconds she had inched it into her mouth and was sucking methodically. I never felt her teeth, only the wetness of her mouth as her head moved slowly back and forth. I could hear her making small, barely audible sloshing sounds with her mouth. Her dark hair was spread over my thighs and tickled me.

While she sucked my dick, I roamed her body with my hands and fingers. I bent over her and reached down through her buttocks to bury my finger in her arse. She pushed against it to take it all, and I went in up to my palm. The rhythm of my fingers, her mouth, our bodies continued until I felt the time was right, then I stopped her. I told her to look in the drawer of the night table and she would find some condoms and KY. She took them from the drawer and handed me the KY. She opened the condom herself and rolled it on my dick, then she slid onto the bed, stomach down, rose to her knees and raised her behind in invitation.

I snuggled up close and wrapped my arms around her, my palms on her stomach. In one swift motion I buried my cock in the dark tunnel of her arsehole. She gripped the bed and moaned as I pushed farther into her body, then her tension eased and she moved in time with my thrusts. She stopped suddenly and turned around on her back. She raised her legs and spread them. I slipped my hands beneath her buttocks and eased my member back into her anus. I almost climaxed, but I held back. I fucked her arse furiously, going in deeper than I had before. She was tight and hot and accepting. In and out I worked my way. My body went rigid and I exploded in her dark, churning tunnel, pouring my juice into her anal canal. Her body was rigid for a second, then she relaxed. When all was done I inched slowly out and rolled over to rest, waiting for her to get ready again. It was her turn to come. — *Name and address withheld*

Believe it or not

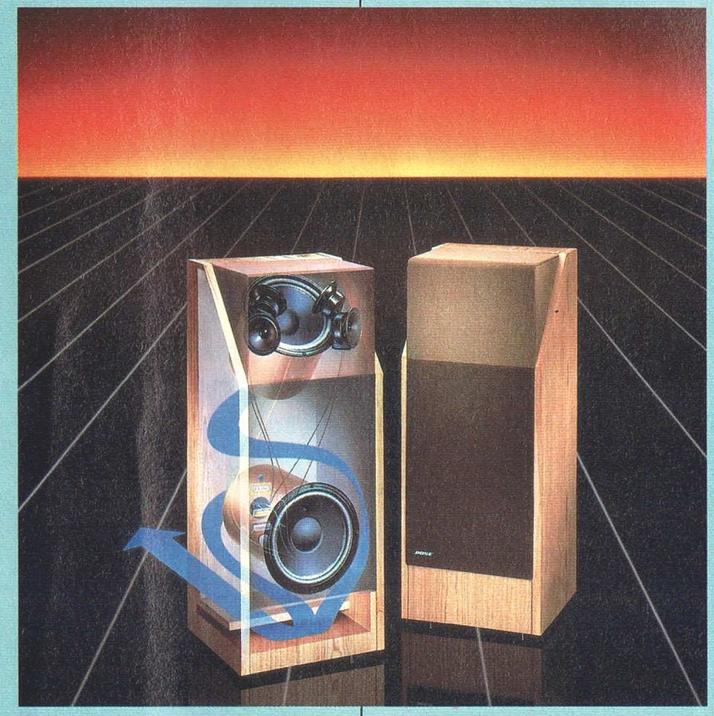
As a keen reader of *Australian Penthouse* I would like to tell you about a recent incident my boyfriend and myself took part in.

My boyfriend and I were in the middle of making love in front of the fire at home, warming up for a long day and evening. As was our habit we had neglected to lock the front door. We had been experimenting with different positions and I could feel his thrusts becoming more

Continued on page 122

BOSE®

The Bose® 601™ Series III Direct/Reflecting® Loudspeaker System



Bose engineers have invested more than 25 years of ongoing research seeking one goal—re-creating the realism of a live performance.

The next best thing to hearing music live is hearing it through a Bose® Direct/Reflecting® speaker.

Drawing on the heritage of the internationally acclaimed Bose 901® speaker, the 601™ speaker gives you the best seat in the house—wherever you sit or stand.

The research: three dimensional sound.

Through our extensive acoustical research into live sound, we learned that focusing on only one musical parameter such as frequency response and expecting realistic sound is like trying to create a lifelike painting by concentrating solely on colour. As with visual images, live sound has perspective, clarity and proportion.

We designed our speakers based on the natural combination of direct and reflected sound. The difference between listening to conventional speakers and Bose Direct/Reflecting® speakers is like the difference between viewing a movie on a television versus experiencing it in a theatre.

The 601 system brings a three dimensional sensation to music—giving the sound depth, height and width. In short, it seems to come alive!

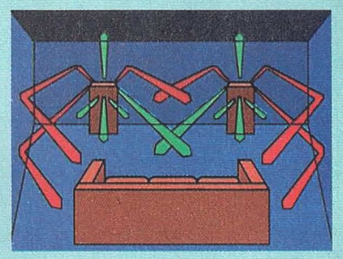
In a live performance, the majority of sound reaches your ears after being reflected off the walls, floors and ceiling. With conventional speakers, you mainly hear only direct sound. Bose Direct/Reflecting® speakers add the missing elements of music by bringing you the natural combination of direct and reflected sound (see diagrams at right). The result is a lifelike soundstage that's practically like being there.

The performance: ideal for audio, video and digital.

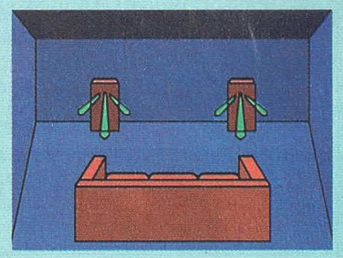
With most conventional speakers, you hear stereo in one or two parts of the room. Everywhere else, you hear primarily one speaker. The 601 system allows you to hear true stereo *everywhere* in the room—even when you are directly in front of one of the speakers.

The 601 system is the ideal cornerstone for a complete home entertainment system. It unleashes the full potential of your sound system, efficiently produces excellent sound and easily handles high power. This rare performance combination allows you to enjoy today's power-demanding sound sources such as digital audio at true-to-life volume levels.

The Bose 601 system also makes it possible to use your stereo system in a new way: as part of a total audio/video system. It is designed to produce greater realism with all video sound sources—especially stereo televisions, hi-fi VCRs and video disc players.



Bose 601 Direct/Reflecting® system.



Conventional speaker system.

Bose Australia Inc., 11 Muriel Avenue, Rydalmere, NSW 2116 Telephone: (02) 684 1022, 684 1255

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Bose/7

READER INFO No. 14

Very simply, this is the *secret* of our success.

The Seaview Winery is situated in South Australia's McLaren Vale. The reason it was called Seaview is because, very simply, you can see the sea. The secret of Seaview's fine reds is our proximity to the sea.

We enjoy mild summers, a cool vintage period and freedom from spring frosts. The rainfall is reliable and droughts are rare.

In the ripening period we have warm, sunny days and cool nights, which are ideal for the development of flavour in the grapes.

Very simply, we believe McLaren Vale is the perfect place to grow the grapes that make perfect wines.

Very simply, this is the *proof* of our success.

1986 SEAVIEW CABERNET SAUVIGNON

This Australian classic has been the bench-mark for all Australian Cabernet Sauvignons. Attractive McLaren Vale Cabernet fruit characters combined with well balanced oak flavours make this a truly outstanding wine. Proof of our success.

1987 SEAVIEW CABERNET SHIRAZ

A traditional Australian blend of Cabernet Sauvignon and Shiraz from the temperate McLaren Vale climate results in a medium to full bodied wine. It makes excellent drinking when young, becoming more complex with bottle age.

APB 10610/A

SWH&P PEN 1392/A

Sins

REVIEWS & OPINIONS

ANGER

TELEPHONIC TORTURE

If muzak be the food of hatred, give us starvation instead

Grrrrr. It shouldn't happen to a dog. If it did, some kindly body like the RSPCA would surely step in. Perhaps we should be calling on Amnesty International to save us poor humans from the mental torture inflicted by the long periods of muzak that we inevitably endure while we wait on hold during any routine business call.

Exaggeration? Hardly. Cop these infuriating facts, supplied courtesy of Telemall, perpetrators of on-hold "entertainment" in this country: Australians spend more than 120,000 hours on hold every day. This figure represents only the time spent waiting on business-to-business calls; it doesn't count all the thousands of hours we waste in on-hold time when calling from private homes. It's estimated that at least 50 per cent of all calls from homes to businesses will be placed on hold. The average waiting time in all these calls is 61.25 seconds, which means, of course, that for every lucky soul who spends only ten seconds in telephonic purgatory, there's another poor bugger hanging on for more than 15 minutes.

The tick-tick-ticking of wasted time aside — think of the stress, the angst, the unbridled fury that is generated as we sit enslaved to the muzak tune of "Bright Eyes" or the horror, the horror of the Telecom chime version of "Greensleeves."

Being left on hold is a health hazard.

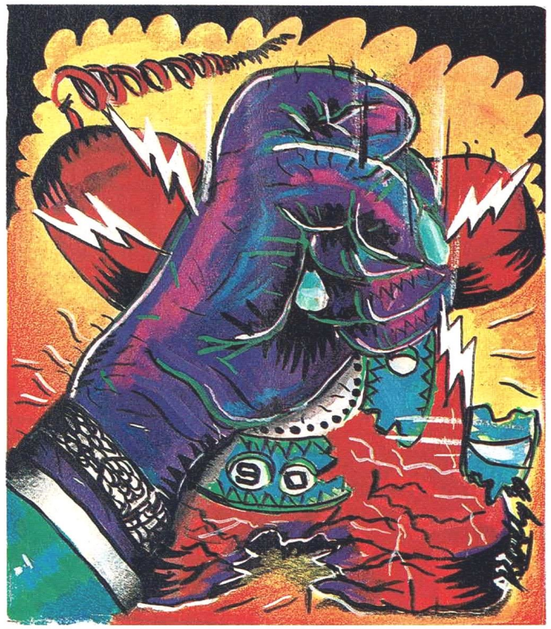

Illustration by Kent Allamby

Telephonic torture tends to affect its victims in one of two ways:

• Pathological fury. The caller clenches his or her jaw so hard that their teeth begin to ache. Thoughts of carnage sear the mind and muzak burns inexorably into living flesh under the guise of "Billy, Don't Be A Hero." By the time an actual, living, breathing human being speaks — rather than some recorded robot — the caller is crazed, fevered, irrational and likely to kill at the slightest hint of incompetence or ill-will.

• Catatonia. The caller is propelled into an eerie, drug-like state during which the handset is known to slip from the fingers. The sensation is comparable to a small dose of unadulterated chloroform. An eventual human voice breaking into this unnatural reverie comes as a nasty intrusion, like an alarm clock in the middle of REM sleep. Often the caller forgets who or what they've called and why. Once I was so zonked with telephonic catatonia that when a receptionist finally broke into the recording to ask where I was from (as in, what company?) I told her I was from New Zealand. By then I'd forgotten why I was telephoning them in the first place.

Blame Mr Thaddeus Cahill. In 1906 he invented a device designed to transmit music over telephone lines for the dual purpose of waking comatose sleepers and putting insomniacs to sleep. At least this is what the muzak company told me. They also said that the correct description of their product is "environmental music" and that it's supposed to help us "think, feel and perform better." It's impossible to imagine what they could concoct to make us feel ratshit.

There are also switchboards that play popular radio stations, obviously an improvement, except that the caller's stuck listening to advertisements ad nauseam and their call's answered just as a favorite song or riveting news item comes on.

Worst of all are those chimes. Brought to us by Telecom, they are installed as an optional extra with a PABX system. They offer only three tunes — "Greensleeves", "A Maiden's Prayer" and the once beautiful "Fur Elise." The man from Telecom said they were planning to "broaden" their range, but meanwhile thousands of Australian switchboards play them over and over again.

Here, in alphabetical order, is a sample of the mindsnatching fare meted out by various companies on one particular day:

AMERICAN EXPRESS: An unidentifiable, unnamed and uncredited piece of "music", frequently interrupted by fruity mid-Atlantic voices using words like "complimentary", "advantage", "prestige" and "unlimited." Never was there a hint of words such as "debt" or "overdue."

AMP: Nothing at all. The receptionist said their CD player had been nicked, but she kindly offered to hum for me.

CONTINENTAL AIRLINES: A CD of *The Phantom Of The Opera* soundtrack. They also have the Beach Boys. Not bad and it's good quality. Almost a pleasure to go on hold for.

TAX DEPARTMENT: Utterly unbelievable. The clone drone thanked me for calling then sug-

Sins

gested that as they were very busy I may wish to call back the next day or during business hours. It *was* during business hours.

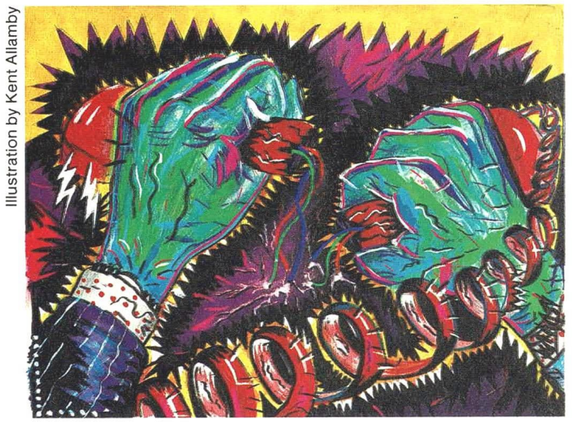

Illustration by Kent Allamby

GRACE BROS DEPARTMENT STORE: Muzak version of "I Know You're Out There Somewhere", once sung by the Moody Blues.
PARLIAMENT HOUSE: Silence. The receptionist said their machine had "chewed up" the muzak. Nice one.
PRIVATE BLOOD BANK: Muzak version of "Tell It To My Heart." No kidding.
SYDNEY OPERA HOUSE: CD of Tchaikovsky's "Ballet Suites — Various."
TELECOM FAULTS "SERVICE": Muzak version of "All I Need Is A Miracle" sung once by Mike And The Mechanics. Honestly. — *Jean Norman*

LUST

HOME-GROAN VIDEO

Now's your chance to do better than John Holmes

Watching X-rated movies can be a frustrating experience. Go on, beg to differ if you want to, but try denying the *sameness* of flesh flicks. Same cliched plot lines, same rinky dink music accompanying the same repertoire of sexual variations performed by the same old gang of American porn stars. If you've seen about six of these suckers, you've seen 'em all. Heck, it's enough to get you thinking that, given the chance, you'd show 'em how a blue movie *should* be made. Well, why not go for it?

Major advances in home entertainment equipment mean that you can now make your own home-groan movies of a standard that at least equals most of those available by mail order in Australia and far surpasses the quality of home videos of the past. Word has it that more than a few would-be porno movie kings are out there right now working on the first of the predicted wave of Australian home-made erotic videos. Don't be surprised if copies of films with titles like *Debbie Does Dapto* start doing the rounds within the year.

In the States and the UK, porno videos made by home enthusiasts currently make up around five per cent of erotic video sales and their popularity is on the increase. The attraction of these amateur efforts lies in their reality. It's not the same old ensemble of porn professionals going through the motions in these films, but *real people*, Joe and Betty Blow next door.

The ability of modern cameras to work under very low light conditions has spurred the phenomenon of the amateur porn producer, says Peter Blasina, Managing Director of Videotech, a leading Australian video retailer that runs "how to" courses for aspiring film-makers.

Other incentives for titillating tape-makers are that the latest cameras have better features, are more user-friendly and, very importantly, prices have taken a nosedive.

Besides "well-equipped" actors, the budding home-groan video enthusiast needs the right gear to produce a watchable, even uplifting, effort. A good camera is of utmost importance. You need to register a good color image to create a good quality master-tape to edit from. Your camera should have manual overrides to allow you to set up the camera correctly. The new super VHS cameras like the Panasonic, JVC Super VHS or Sony V200 PRO, Blasina recommends, all deliver a quality image.

The next thing the sensual cinematographer has to consider is lighting, so that he can control the amount of light in each scene. Blasina recommends purchasing a couple of 1000 Watt quartz lights and reflecting those off umbrellas. You can get quite adequate lights from around $600 or if you want to become a Fellini among fleshy flick-makers you can spend up to $1600 for state-of-the-art equipment.

As far as camera accessories go, a tripod is a must. You may also consider purchasing some filters — an additional $100 or so will buy you a soft-focus filter and a couple of colored ones.

Once you have the basic equipment in hand you have to consider how to use it. Blasina advises pre-planning your erotic epic. "You should do a bit of pre-production, plan the shots. A lot of people just pick up a camera and shoot everything they can — that's a big mistake. You should think about what you are going to shoot and have some sort of storyline."

Planning the shot size and the framing of the shot is very important, says Blasina. "It's important to remember that you have to focus the viewer's attention all the time. Make sure your shots are extremely tight and don't have too much extraneous material in the background."

One of the cardinal rules of carnal camerawork is to keep your instrument on a tripod, says Blasina. "There's nothing more off-putting than a wobbly camera, particularly if you've got an excitable cameraman." Blasina also advises against using zoom to zero in on the action. "Zooming is not really a very acceptable professional or even semi-professional technique." Another thing to note when attempting close-ups is to make sure that you frame the shot correctly. Blasina advises keeping the shots tight and capturing facial expressions.

Next he advises that the lighting be adequate to film but not overpowering. The actors don't want to feel as if they are in Magic Mart. He recommends using reflective light because it is much softer and you don't get harsh shadows.

Last but not least, your soundtrack must stretch beyond the occasional moan. Blasina says, "Sound is one of the most important aspects of erotic video because it helps set a mood. If all you can hear is the bed squeaking or a truck driving past it's going to detract from the image you're trying to create." Directional microphones allow you to pick up sound directly in front of the

Americans have very definite views on underage drinking

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But any American drinker will tell you that a great bourbon takes 8 years to mature in charred oak barrels. Not a moment less.

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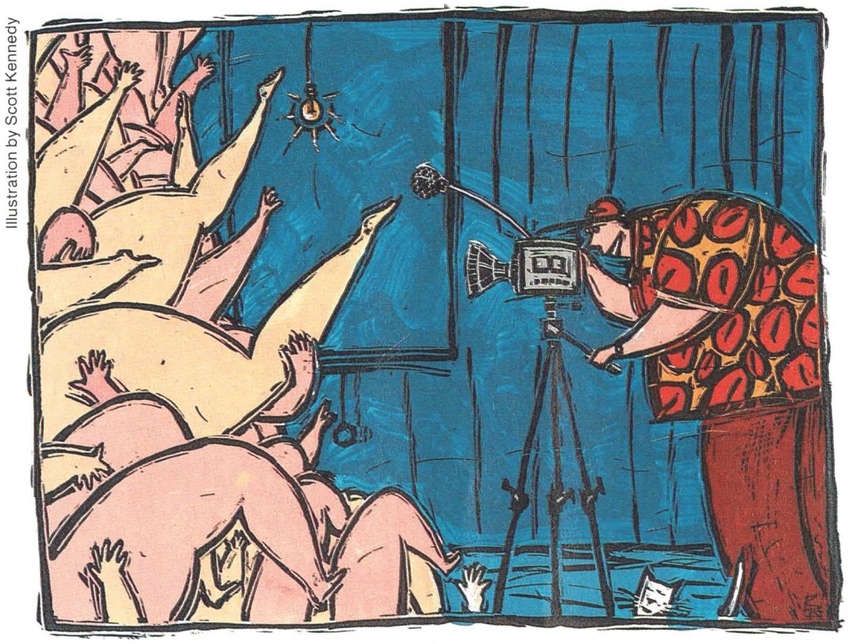

Illustration by Scott Kennedy

camera, so you don't end up with barking dogs in the background. You can stick to your original sound or use a mixer which allows you to combine your original sound with music or commentary. Otherwise, you can just dub your tape with a soundtrack — probably the easiest alternative. And, beyond soft focus and the occasional color filter, Blasina advises the beginner against attempting too many special effects.

Once you have filmed your steamy skinflick, you're ready to edit out the crummy bits. Most modern cameras have a facility that allows you to edit off a home VHS deck where you can just copy across and edit while you're at it. Budding porno tycoons can go a step further and purchase special effects generators for around $600 to $2000. These allow you to do cuts, wipes, fades and a whole range of whiz-bang things. Another editing machine called Videonics Direct Ed lets you do some special effects as well as assembly edit, so you can take scenes from all over the place and re-assemble them in the order that you want. This newly available machine works off your regular deck at home and costs around $1000.

If the home-groan video maker knows how to use his instrument he can come close to the professional article. Blasina says, "Many people have an innate creative ability and it's just a matter of drawing it out. And it is so easy to do, really — the cameras have become so simple and they work well in low light. Once you've got that creative technique the sky's the limit really. Maybe there is a budding Spielberg out there in the erotic market." — *Amanda Nash*

AVARICE

THE AUSTRALIAN MODEL

If you can't manage, baffle 'em with science

Like most sensible people, I have not read any books on the art/science/craft of management. At least, I hadn't until recently. I had always avoided them for much the same reason that I haven't read books on interferometry or the quarrying of alabaster. Management, like quarrying, is not something I practise or am likely to practise.

Corporate management, I'm talking about. We all manage a bit of this and a bit of that and most of us manage to get by — without having to read W. Edwards Deming's *Out Of The Crisis* or anything by whatever-his-name-is Drucker.

But, apart from not believing that I needed to learn how to run the consumer products division of a huge multinational, I have never been convinced that I — or anyone else for that matter — could be taught how to run the consumer products division of a multinational corporation if I didn't have a rough idea in the first place.

If, by some twist of fate, you found yourself transported into the marketing manager's job at, say, Colgate Palmolive, a quick squiz at a marketing textbook might give you enough jargon to keep everybody at bay until you got a real handle on the job. And the same textbook could possibly give you a basic rundown on what the job entails. But I doubt if it would be of more than small assistance in making you a good marketing manager rather than an ordinary marketing manager. Still, an ordinary marketing manager is better than a crummy one and so, I suppose, there is a place for books which purport to teach us management technique.

Recently, out of desire to turn a quick but honest quid, I found myself studying various tomes on the Japanese way of management. My brief was the same as the authors of the books I read: Australia is not rich, Japan is. Japan is even richer than the USA even though Japan has fewer resources than the USA. So, Japan does better with less than the USA does with more. The secret must be in the how of Japan, so find out how they manage.

One interesting key to the Japanese "success" is what our union leaders always told us: they work the little blighters hard and long, in return for which the poor devils get enough to live on and security. That is, they aren't sacked and they don't starve.

However, they aren't sacked as long as they work hard. They are if they don't. As there is a distinct lack of opportunities for sacked workers, it is far worse to lose your job in Japan than it is in the USA or in Australia. So the workers work hard. Lesson one. Need we go on?

Apparently yes, because the experts do. Pre-1860 US cotton-

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

ARTHUR ABRAHAMS

HOME: Melbourne.

AGE: 33

PROFESSION: Chief Executive of NRC International, entrepreneur and businessman.

HOBBY: Motor racing. "My engineer says I'm really what's driven. I guess he's right."

LAST BOOK READ: When The Sleeper Wakes, H. G. Wells.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Setting up Distronics, Australia's first compact disc plant. "Small may be beautiful, but it's not easy."

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "There's no map to follow – everything is a first. I make my own map so that work becomes an adventure."

QUOTE: "The only time I don't dream is when I'm driving. It would make life in the fast lane a little too interesting."

PROFILE: Dynamic and effervescent with a sound business background. Has mastered the art of turning fun into dollars.

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's "It's the perfect finish."

APB90S3-A

Leo Burnett UTDG 1009

Sins

growers had a compliant workforce — that is, slaves — but many farmers reported higher productivity from free labor. Success therefore is more than a matter of forcing the workers to work harder.

Illustration by Lindsay Quibell

Organising those workers, be they slaves or free men, must play a part.

I'm sure it does. Japanese managers, the experts would have me believe, spend a lot of time in meetings, discussing work, discussing changes, progress, new ideas. Hmm, I used to work for the ABC and it was continually in meetings. I remember a series of meetings over whether the toilets should sexually discriminate or whether the boys should muck in with the girls. And I have never noted any entrepreneurial nations suggesting that their businessmen should study the ABC as a model of how to get things done.

One of the older explanations for Japan's success is the assistance and direction industry gets from government. Having lived through a decade in Australia where each major political party seems intent on being less interventionist than the other I can only presume they have foresworn the Japanese model and wish to create something entirely new — at least new to this century, although a time traveller from the late Middle Ages may not feel too out of place.

Maybe next year those who can't do but teach will discover the German Model, or the Swedish Model, or, perhaps next century, the pocket-filling post-Gorbachev USSR Model: turn your nation of drunken dullards into happy little capitalists and discover the delights of a positive balance of trade.

In the meantime, do what you're good at and, should you have anyone working for you, get them to do what they're good at. That sounds simple enough, and wise enough, doesn't it?

Ah-ha! My next project: Do What You Can — The Australian Way Of Management. There are a few Aussie success stories I can use as examples (Rupert Murdoch, for one) and anyway, there's more to being an economic superpower, isn't there? There's beating the Poms in cricket and football in the one season, for example.

I am available for lectures at $5000 a throw. (Half-hour demonstration on how to say "She'll be right" included in package.)
— *David Quicksilver*

VANITY

ATTITUDINAL ATTIRE

Deciphering this summer's dress code

Kiss the rear end of winter goodbye. That yellow thing up in the sky is the sun, Trev. Yep, the weather's here and you wish you were beautiful. Now's the time that you're supposed to be preoccupied with thoughts of your spring/summer wardrobe, an exercise fraught with more difficulties than you might think.

What's an anywhere near fashion-conscious bloke to do when "fashionspeak '89" runs along lines as cryptic as any wartime code? For the warmish to hot months to come you're being told to expect: "A New Trans-Seasonal Feel . . . A Directional Attitude . . . A Strong Ambivalence Encompassing The Shock Of The New . . . A Startling Range Of Options . . . A Revival Of Back To Basics . . ."

As if most of *us* have ever visited anywhere *but* the basics.

There would appear to be not a little confusion and/or lack of inspiration afoot in the ranks of the fashion dictators. This is becoming apparent in this year's trend of serving up gear that has just gone out of fashion and saying it's in again with "a new twist."

As luck would have it, a charming counter-trend will be prevalent among Australian males this year — a trend that has not been picked up by the glossy fashion magazines. While some men cling to the "*Out Of Africa* Look", I fearlessly predict that the classic Aussie bloke will be sporting the "Out Of It Generally Look" — an attitude embodied not only in his appearance but also in his actions. Those actions may include: (a) DIVING to the bottom of his clothes pile under the bed and at the back of the wardrobe; (b) RESURRECTING any shorts/shirts/sandshoes/thongs that haven't actually fermented or gone too mouldy during winter; and (c) COMPLEMENTING his winter jeans with assorted clothing received as Christmas prezzies from his relatives.

For those who are brave enough to paddle against this classic trend, here are the looks predicted by the powers that be in men's fashion. In fashionspeak, get yourself into these ATTITUDES:

• "*Spring Sojourn In North Africa . . . Four Weeks In Cairo . . . Rediscovery Of The Pyramids . . .*" No, these are not the latest in trash romance novels, nor are they this year's hot hol-

Sins

iday destinations. These fashionable attitudes are inspired by "exotic art forms and the culture of ancient civilisations." Except that they didn't have rayon back then. The inspiration is "translated" into graphic pyramid, palm, hieroglyphic and batik prints. The hieroglyphics, especially, will be making a "strong fashion statement", although nobody could tell me what they'd be saying, exactly. Rameses Was Here? Hatsheput 4 Eva? Complementing these prints is a "new" denim called Byzantine Print which seems to be stonewash/acid bleach revisited.

• "*The Semi-Military Stance* . . ." This perennial is obviously based on the theory that girls go bonkers for guys in uniform. They do actually, but not so much for a man in a shirt with some fashion dictator's idea of a coat of arms plastered on it.

• "*Foreign Correspondent/ Huntsman/Fisherman* . . ." These manly ranges will comprise stylised versions of zipped and pocketed sportsmen's jackets teamed with baggy "fatigue-type trousers." This "attitude" looks slightly dorky when worn by someone whose biggest challenge in life is getting back to the office after lunch without falling under a bus.

• "*The Bowling Attitude* . . ." This look consists of a big rayon shirt with navy/white contrast piping teamed with baggy trousers featuring stovepipe bottoms. Wear this look at your own peril.

Shapes for spring/summer '89 will be baggy and floppy, or in fashionspeak: *DRAPED*. Fabulous for people who are tall and very slender. If you're shorter than six feet seven, the draped look will cleverly create the illusion that you're four feet six and three feet wide.

Oh, and the big news, fellas — inserts are back! Remember that Seventies look — sorry, attitude — when scraps of netting, canvas and leather found their way into everything? It's back. Apparently it creates surface interest. Enjoy.

Super heroes are also big news. Be the first kid on your block with a Green Lantern bomber jacket! Disney cartoon characters are "Out", but Yogi Bear, Felix the Cat, Tweety, the Road Runner et al are "In." Nobody knows why. Fashion's a bitch. — *Jean Norman*

Illustration by Paul Densen

ENVY

THE SPIRIT OF AUSTRALIA

You have already won the most boring evening of your life

Congratulations, Mr Hunter. You are a finalist in the $100,000 Spirit Of Australia Sweepstakes. As a preferred couple, you and your partner have *already won* either a Mitsubishi Magna valued at $28,486, a Hawaiian holiday valued at $600, a Tahitian holiday valued at $500, a compact disc player valued at $399 or a microwave oven valued at $350. All you have to do to claim your prize is complete a presentation at 100 Church Street, Parramatta."

"What sort of presentation? Who's giving it — me or you? Who do you represent? What are you selling? Who *are* you?"

"All you have to do is complete a presentation . . . complete a presentation . . . complete a presentation . . ."

Well, all right. Gosh, gee whizz, I never won anything before. Not even a chook raffle, even though I once bought 15 tickets out of 20. Damn it, I'll "complete a presentation", even if it sounds like it won't be much more fun than Chinese water torture. You get nothing for nothing in this world, right? But they can't break me. All I've got to do is stay on my feet, roll with the punches, and I'm at least a microwave in front. But what on Earth do these people want from me?

The designated address turns out to be the World Holiday Showroom. Yes, we are talking about timeshare holidays. Little wonder they didn't want to tell me all about it. The timeshare industry in this country gets only a marginally better press than the Pedophile Support Group.

I don't want to concentrate on what a crummy investment timeshare holidays are. I'll just quote *Choice* magazine: "Timeshares are a poor investment for many reasons, the main one being, of course, that they can be so difficult to resell . . . For timesharers with no intention of selling, the economies of purchasing 'primary' timeshare are also questionable, particularly in cases where they need to borrow to make the purchase."

My beef is not with the product (plenty of products are not all they're cracked up to be) but with the methods they use to sell it. When you pull in to join the other "preferred couples" (on what basis this "preference" rests remains a mystery to me, although it can be said that there were no Eskimo couples), this particular scam becomes apparent immediately. You're given a form which details in very fine print the actual details of the prize draw: of the 40,000 in the line-up, one prize is a Mitsubishi Magna, five are compact disc

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Sins

Illustration by Donna Cross

players, five are microwave ovens, and 39,989 are holiday accommodations in Hawaii or Tahiti. Not holidays, but holiday *accommodations* — ten days in Hawaii and four days in Tahiti. You have to buy the airfare yourself, from "the major international airline nominated by Holidays South Pacific." The prize you'll win, unless you're incredibly lucky, is no prize at all. Package deals including accommodation are available for both destinations for around the same price as you have to pay for your air ticket, which happens to be through Air New Zealand. Last year the NSW Department of Business and Consumer Affairs investigated a similar inducement offered by an outfit operating out of the same address — in this case, "a Tahitian holiday or $2000" — and found that *nobody* got to claim the two grand and the whole Tahitian package could have been bought from a travel agent for the same amount as the airfare.

Anyway, you can probably imagine the rest of the scenario: dolled-up bimbos prancing about the place, at least one of whom didn't even know the name of the company she was working for (which turns out to be the Interval Property Management Group, a subsidiary of Dainford Holdings, one of which group at the time of writing happened to be involved in investigations by the NSW Independent Commission Against Corruption); a glitzy film presentation detailing the supposed advantages of timesharing, with maximum emphasis on whipping up extremes of envy among the audience, followed by the appearance of an amped-up showman better suited to stand-up comedy whose task is to bolster that envy by bragging interminably about his own timesharing acquisitions; then a pleasant chat between each couple and a designated bimbo who's got more rhetorical questions than Adolf Hitler ("Do you *like* holidays? Would you prefer a *high* standard of accommodation or a *low* standard of accommodation?"); then a guided tour of a simulated timeshare suite, during which all questions relating to cost are strenuously avoided; then another individual crunch session with a businesslike "closer" who does all the sums (including finance arranged on site, of course) and puts a fat cheque in your pocket which you get to keep "if you just sign now"; then the announcement that one happy couple has already decided to own a timeshare apartment, which is greeted by enthusiastic applause from the other salesmen who are, incredibly, *joined* in this applause by the couples who *haven't* signed. Was it a plant? I don't know, but I wouldn't be surprised.

To be fair, although the object of the exercise is obviously to make you feel like a moron if you don't sign, I was not subjected to any sort of systematic humiliation or intimidation. I do have an acquaintance, though, who was lured to a timeshare presentation many years ago in Hawaii (yes, of course this is an American concept) and was verbally harangued and at the same time violently and repeatedly prodded in the chest by one of the salesmen — an experience that shook him up so much he took a few days to recover. This sort of tactic, I was told by the woman in charge of the show, is frowned upon in Australia — "They do things a bit differently in America," she assured me. Just as well. Pardon me for suggesting this, but I believe most fair-minded Australians would agree that the only appropriate response in that situation would be to deck the stupid prick. *And* put the slipper in as well.

And now, having completed the presentation, we come to the magic moment — the Spirit Of Australia Sweepstakes draw. I hand over my scratch-it card; the attractive young lady scratches away and reveals my prize: "You're off to *Hawaii!* See, you really *do* win a prize!" It's obvious from the genuine glint in her eye that she has failed to come to terms with the actual value of this "prize", and there's no point trying to set her straight. She's probably a very nice person.

The same cannot be said, in my opinion, of the scum who conceive these operations. If this is The Spirit Of Australia — and it seems to me that's getting to be the case — then they can stick it well and truly up where it belongs. — *Greg Hunter*

GLUTTONY

THE LONE DINER

Even the Lone Ranger hates to dine solo

There's no more lonely sight than a single man bent over a cup of coffee," was about the only one of my father's nuggets of wisdom that I ever agreed with. An image so emblazoned on my brain that I once jettisoned a very handsome guy, the type that makes your friends think that you have sought the service of a voodoo queen to ensnare, just because I accidentally saw him having a solo sandwich lunch. To my mind, dining alone is worse than solitary confinement.

Few people choose to dine alone. Attempting to look contented and thrilled with your own company as the whole restaurant looks on is too reminiscent of Stevie Smith's poem, "Not Waving But Drowning", the universal anthem for manic depressives. But in these days of frequent business travel, most of us are faced with an evening alone in an unfamiliar city. The first instinct is to call room service or grab a bite at the local equivalent of Con's Acropolis milk bar. Dining out at a posh restaurant is, after all, largely a social exercise, but when you are alone you have to play a wearying game of Don't Rain On My Charade.

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Many restaurants do nothing to make the single diner feel welcome. Even the most self-assured lone diner is frequently made to feel uncomfortable. Never, ever expect a good table. Even if it's right on closing time, you will never be escorted to a restaurant's power table as the management never gives up hope that the "right people" might make a late entry.

A nod in your favor is that the only thing a restaurant dislikes more than a table with only one person, male or female, is an empty table. "There's something sad and lonely about the single diner, even if he or she is perfectly happy," says one restaurateur I know. "If you have too many of them at a time, it dampens the mood of the whole restaurant."

Add to this the facts that a restaurant loses potential revenue when one person occupies a table for two, and that the waiter assumes he's going to get a smaller tip, and you can understand why singles are not always welcomed with open arms.

One secret I've learnt is to ask the receptionist of the hotel I'm staying at to recommend a restaurant and to make the reservation. The hotel has more clout and they'll be around to recommend the place long after you're gone. A friend of mine makes two or three reservations at once at a restaurant if he plans to be in a city several days. That way, the head waiter knows he'll be seeing him another evening, perhaps with a party of four, so he's likely to give him better treatment from the start.

Hotel restaurants are far more flexible than independent restaurants. Many of their guests are on their own and some even have a large table for lone diners, frequently known as the chef's table. But even if the path has been eased for you, resist the temptation to take a book. Taking a book is like wearing neon — it communicates that you're not really interested in the food or the restaurant and makes you look pathetic, or like Paul Theroux researching a travel book incognito. If it makes you uncomfortable to sit alone without something in your hands, take a newspaper or a small notebook to jot notes for the next day's business meeting. That way you'll instantly stamp yourself a serious person not to be messed with.

In suitable *Cosmopolitan* magazine fashion, founder Helen Gurley Brown once advised readers to "do everything you would do if you were dining with someone special." Crap. This draws immediate attention to you as a jilted date or an unabashed wanker. Dressing decently well is quite good enough. On the other hand, don't treat yourself like a pauper when it comes to your wine and food choices. Make a to-do about conferring with the waiter on the restaurant's specials, or if you're feeling outright adventurous, ask the chef to make something special. You have to know your food with this gambit; the chef and/or the waiter will expect an encyclopaedic knowledge of seasonings and ingredients to "get the order right."

Gurley Brown's further advice — "Don't ask for the best table at the height of the rush hour in a busy restaurant" — is to be heeded. If a restaurant can't take you at a certain time, ask when they suggest that you come. Who's waiting for you anyhow? But if your demands have been reasonable and you are seated next to the men's toilet, don't hesitate to ask for a better seat.

Never go to a restaurant whose menu says: "Our food is cooked to order. Each course takes time." With no-one to discuss the effect of Zen meditation and Hindu chants on creativity in business with, most lone diners tend to eat fast and the service has to keep pace.

The best thing to happen to single diners in recent years is the rash of microscopic bistros and bars and grills that now grace the trendier parts of Sydney and Melbourne. These establishments are generally so crowded that no-one even notices whether you're alone or the fag end of a party of eight. Most of your fellow diners will probably be so self-centred anyway that you could have died in the seat last week and still fail to arouse a flicker of interest.

Posing as a food critic is an infallible way of (a) getting into a popular restaurant and (b) ensuring that you receive the sort of respect normally reserved for an Asian drug lord. Passing yourself off as a man whose written words can close restaurants is child's play. The only drawback is that you'll have to eat three courses and buy an expensive bottle of wine whether you feel like it or not.

There's an old saying that hope makes a good breakfast but a bad supper. Not always. A girlfriend on a business trip was approached by the Maitre d' who asked if she would mind if a gentleman, also dining on his own, could join her. Before committing herself, she looked up expecting to see the usual kind of dork who makes this type of request. There stood the archetypal smashing blond Swede. "Er, no," she managed to wheeze. Three days of holing up in a hotel room with clothes flung in all corners of the room followed.

Alas, a once in a lifetime occurrence. Most of us get similar treatment to that experienced by Steve Martin in *The Lonely Guy* when he went into a restaurant and quietly told the waiter he was alone. A huge spotlight was turned on him, the entire restaurant shrieked "ALONE!" and, yes, he had to turn to the old foible of pretending to be a critic. — *Elisabeth King*

Illustration by Skye Rogers

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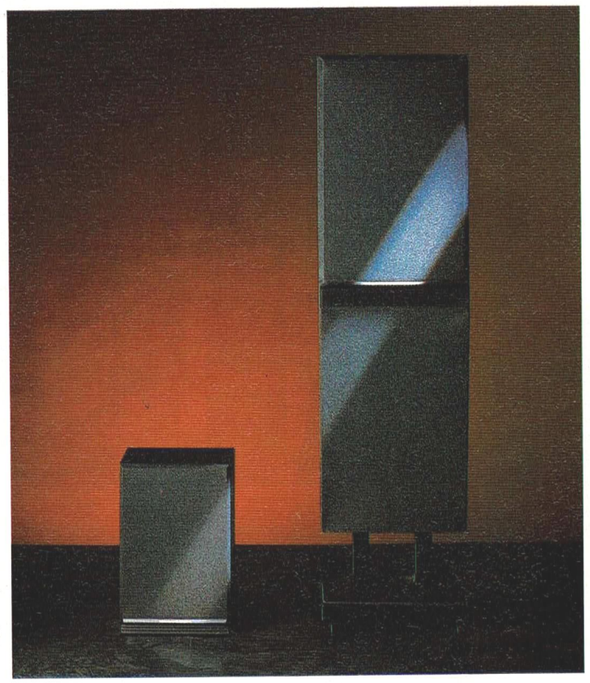

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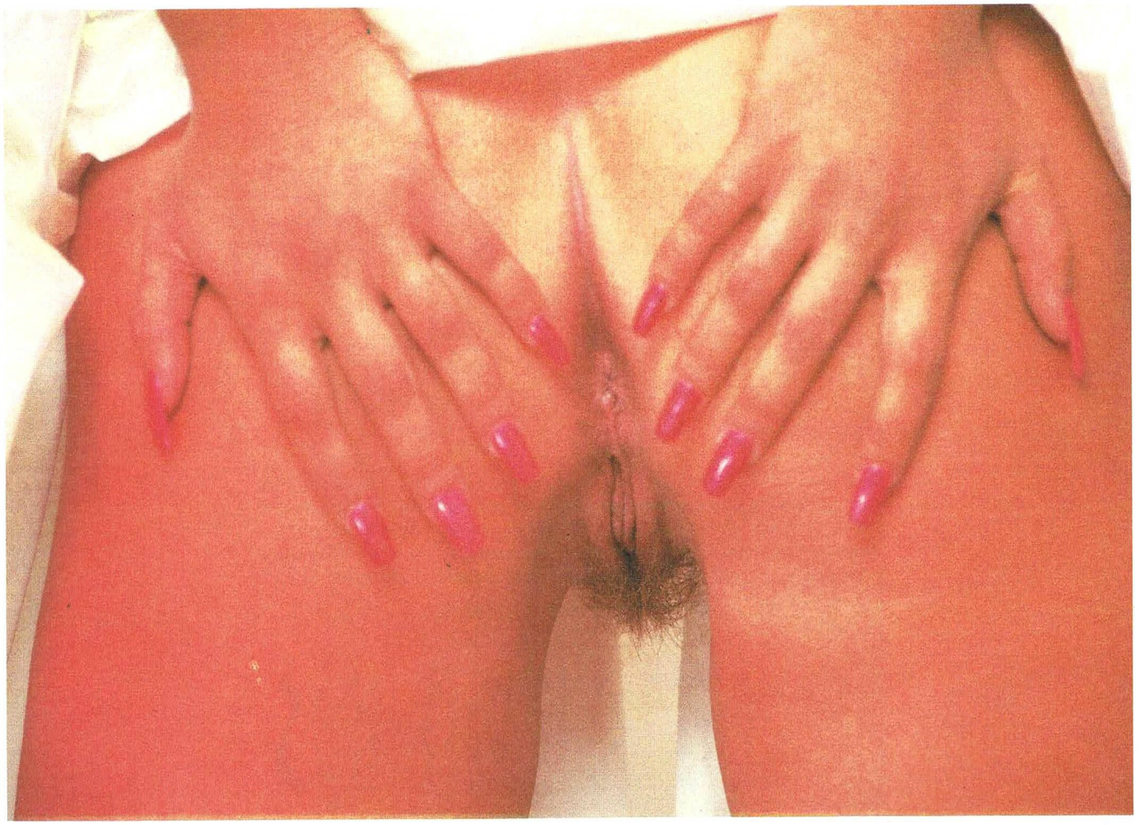
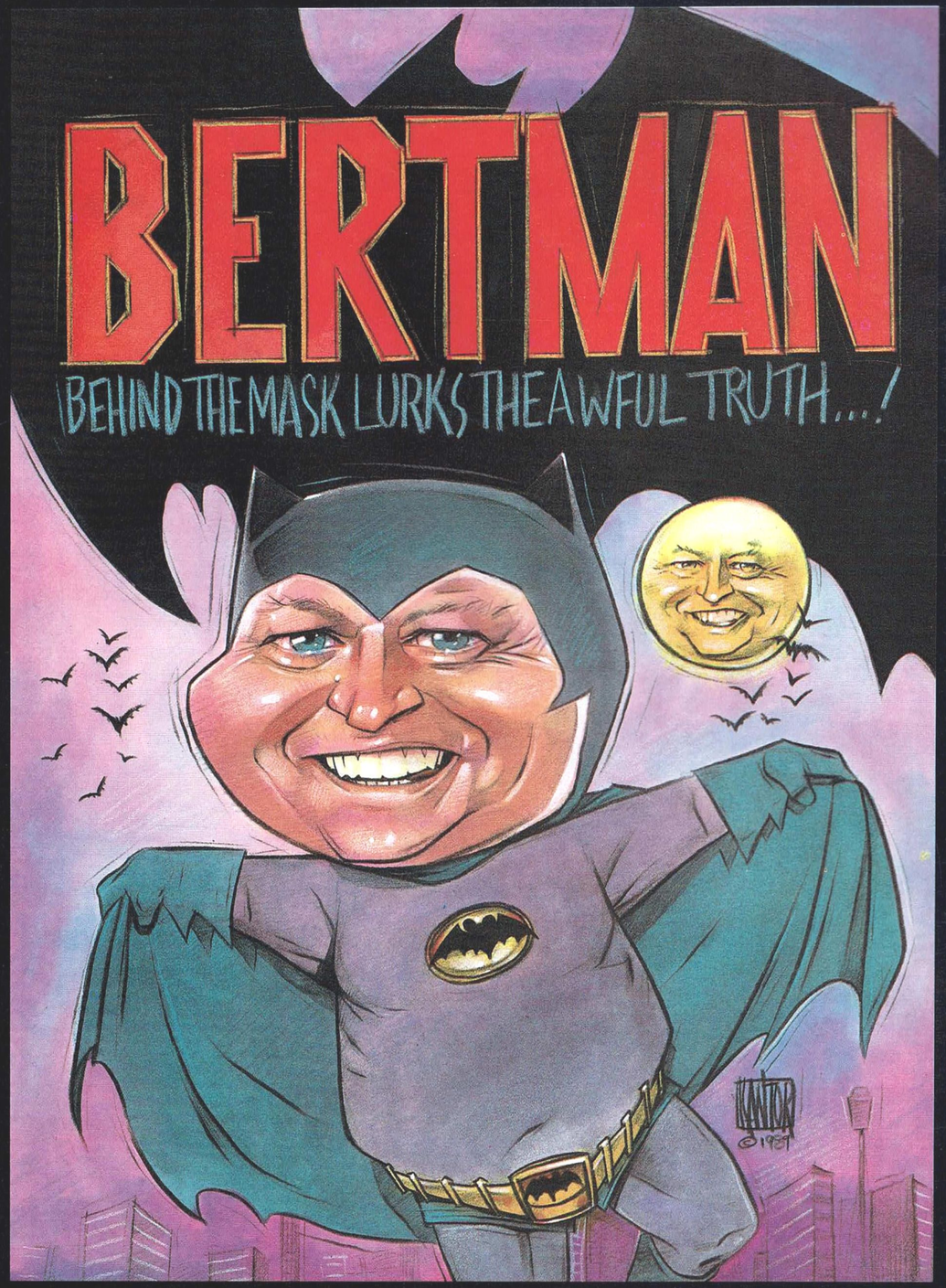
Sandra, 19, works in the beauty business and she is a perfect advertisement for her trade. "At the moment I'm working for someone else, but one day I'd like to own my own chain of salons across the country. Beauty is an art — even the most plain-looking woman can blossom if she knows how to make the most of herself." In Sandra's case there is a lot to make the most of.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

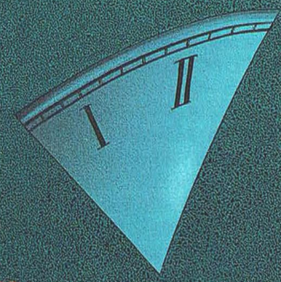
EXTREMES



Sandra is not the sort of girl who's afraid to chip her nails, she's an action woman. "I love all sports, especially horseriding, swimming and skiing. Then, I also love being domestic, cooking cordon bleu meals and having quiet intimate nights at home. I'm a woman of many moods, but they're always extreme!"



KANTOR'S GALLERY



A dramatic increase in the number of alleged alien abductions has caused many earthlings to eye the stars with suspicion.

ABDUCTED?

Never before has a controversy over a subject more bizarre and disquieting vied for our attention. It is a subject that, since the publication of two world bestselling books in 1987 and 1988, has focussed public opinion in a manner that would never have been thought possible a few years ago. Those books — *Communion* by Whitley Strieber and *Intruders* by Budd Hopkins — chronicled the phenomenon of abductions of humans by extraterrestrials.

Whitley Strieber and other alleged abductees are now reporting the presence of strange artifacts within their brains. Some say that it is only a matter of time before one of these "implants" is recovered and the reality of the UFO abduction experience is finally confirmed.

Hitherto regarded as the stuff of overactive imaginations and deluded minds, the phenomena of visiting aliens and UFOs are gaining increased credibility in social and scientific circles. At an international symposium on Unidentified Aerial Phenomena held in Washington DC in June 1987, UFO historian Dr David Jacobs of Temple University, Pennsylvania, stated that the book *Intruders* had "for the first time publicly revealed the extent of the UFO phenomenon's intrusion into the personal lives of humans." A decade ago in Australia there had been no local accounts of alleged alien abductions. Since that time a few such accounts have been reported. Now the numbers of alleged Australian abductees are increasing significantly. Are these allegations purely fantasy? The product of psychological disturbance? Or

BY BILL CHALKER

ILLUSTRATION BY NIGEL BUCHANAN

ABDUCTED?

are we dealing with a phenomenon that has been around for a long time and has only been afforded credibility over the past decade? Do these abductions really happen? How did we arrive at this point in the controversy?

The genesis lay in two bizarre events that occurred in 1957 and 1961. Both were so unbelievable that even wild-eyed UFO enthusiasts found them embarrassing. Many ignored them at the time, but the type of experiences that allegedly occurred were to eventually change the face of UFO research.

The first took place near the town of Sao Francisco de Salles in Brazil, on the night of October 15, 1957. While night ploughing, Antonio Villas-Boas, a 23-year-old farmer, was allegedly abducted by three small men in strange clothing. He claims he was taken on board a UFO, where he was forcibly undressed. One of the men spread a clear, thick liquid over his skin. A blood sample was taken from his chin. He was then left alone. He became ill and vomited in a corner of the room. After about half an hour a naked woman came into the room.

A few months later in the consulting rooms of Dr Olavo Fontes, Professor of Medicine at Brazil's National School of Medicine, Villas-Boas gave this account of what followed: ". . . She had big blue eyes, rather longer than round, for they slanted outwards . . . Her face narrowed to a peak . . . which gave the lower part of her face a very pointed look. Her lips were very thin, nearly invisible in fact . . . (her body) was slim, and her breasts stood up high and well separated. She was much shorter than I am . . . Her skin was white.

"Alone there, with that woman embracing me and giving me clearly to understand what she wanted, I began to get excited . . . This seems incredible in the situation in which I found myself. I think that the liquid that they had rubbed on to my skin was the cause of this . . . All I know is that I became uncontrollably excited, sexually, a thing that had never happened to me before. I ended up by forgetting everything, and I caught hold of the woman, responded to her caresses with other and greater caresses . . . It was a normal act . . . Some of the growls that came from her at certain times nearly spoiled everything, as they gave me the disagreeable impression of lying with an animal."

Dr Fontes examined Villas-Boas and found him to have a cheek scar and some skin burning, thought by some to have been caused by radiation. He felt that the account was so rich in fantastic detail that Antonio Villas-Boas must either have a remarkably good visual memory or be an accomplished liar.

When the Aerial Phenomena Research Organisation (APRO) received Dr Fontes' report in 1958, they tried hard to dismiss it as a sexual fantasy, but the reported facts did not seem to fit.

The Villas-Boas alien seduction tale has remained the butt of jokes and luridly sensational press accounts. In 1978, Dr Villas-Boas, by then a respected lawyer and father of four children, broke his long silence with a TV appearance in which he said that he felt injured over the way his experience had been treated by the press.

Although largely unknown until the mid-Sixties, the case was totally unlike the ludicrous accounts of flying saucer contact that had dominated the Fifties. The so-called "contactees" of that decade all claimed to have liaised with benevolent "space brother" types intent on passing on cosmic banalities.

The second case was a real watershed. In 1961 an inter-racial couple, Betty and Barney Hill, experienced an "interrupted journey" on the way home from a holiday.

They claimed to have made a prolonged UFO sighting, which included seeing figures at windows around the UFO. During the sighting they experienced a considerable "time loss", during which they were unable to remember what had happened. They arrived home a couple of hours later than anticipated.

> Barney Hill claimed that a suction device had been placed over his groin during the examination

Betty Hill subsequently suffered anxiety dreams. Her husband also began suffering stress-related problems. The problems became so severe that the couple sought the help of a Boston psychiatrist, Dr Benjamin Simon, in January 1964. Dr Simon soon learned that the 1961 "interrupted journey" seemed to be the focus of the couple's anxiety. He used hypnosis to explore the experience, hoping to rectify their problems.

What emerged was a complex account of abduction and medical examination by aliens on board a flying saucer. Barney Hill claimed that a suction device had been placed over his groin during the examination. Betty Hill said that a needle was inserted in her navel. Dr Simon never believed that the Hills' claimed UFO adbuction was real. For him, their story was a fantasy to be explored in an effort to relieve the associated anxiety. Of the "alien's pregnancy test" Dr Simon said, "There's no such medical procedure that would use a direct needle through the abdomen to examine a condition of pregnancy. This is the sort of thing that makes me doubt the story of the abduction. It simply has no basis in medical practice."

Since the publication of a best-selling book about the case (*The Interrupted Journey* by John Fuller) in 1966, a number of medical techniques that are similar to this "pregnancy test" have been developed, in particular the amniocentesis test and the use of the laparoscope. The latter development may have a curious echo later in our story. The laparoscope is used for both internal viewing and ova sampling for "test tube" babies. This reference to the "alien pregnancy test" as early as 1961 and the development of a similar technique after the publication of the book on the affair is at the least provocative.

The widespread exposure of the book, *The Interrupted Journey*, did not unleash a flood of similar accounts. There were a few, but none had the publicity or impact of the Hills' story.

It was not until October 1973 that the subject of UFO abductions again exploded on to the world stage, this time against the background of a surging wave of UFO sightings — one of the biggest since the huge wave of the Fifties.

On October 11 that year, one of UFO history's most widely publicised abductions occurred. Charlie Hickson and Calvin Parker, both local shipyard workers, claimed they were taken aboard a UFO by strange beings, at Pascagoula, Mississippi. There appeared to be little doubt the two men had been terrified by their experience. This time, the experience was clearly recalled, without the aid of hypnosis.

Dr J. Allen Hynek, then chairman of Northwestern University's Department of Astronomy, and former consultant to the United States Air Force UFO study Project Blue Book, and Dr James Harder, Professor of Engineering at the University of California at Berkeley and APRO research director, went to Pascagoula to investigate. At a subsequent packed press conference, both men made some of the strongest statements of endorsement ever heard from reputable scientists on the subject of UFO abductions.

Dr Hynek said, "There's simply no question in my mind that these men have had a very real, frightening experience, the physical nature of which I am not certain about — and I don't think we have any answers to that. But I think we should very definitely point out that under no circumstances should these men be ridiculed. They are absolutely honest. They have had a fantastic experience and also I believe it should be taken in context with experiences that others have had elsewhere in this country and in the world."

Dr Harder said, "The experience that they underwent was indeed a real one." Asked whether we should fear a UFO threat, Harder replied, "If you pick up a mouse in a laboratory situation, it's very frightening to the mouse. But it doesn't mean that you mean the mouse any harm."

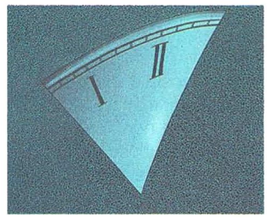
Despite these ringing scientific endorsements, Hickson and Parker and other UFO abduction claimants (or "abductees") that followed have had to run an intense gauntlet of public scepticism. The battle lines were drawn by the time a timber worker named Travis Walton once again focussed world attention on the controversy.

This time, six co-workers witnessed Walton's encounter with a UFO in the Sitgreaves National Forest, near Snowflake, Arizona, on November 5, 1975. They claimed that a beam of light from the UFO struck Travis Walton down. The six fled in terror in their vehicle, leaving their co-worker behind. They returned to the scene soon after. There was a problem. Walton was gone.

The timber-cutting team reported the incident to the police. Suspecting foul play, the police put the men through lie detector tests. All bar one passed the tests. This man did not co-operate with the test. Unknown to the polygraph operator, the man was an accused burglar and was fearful of being asked about his past. He was subsequently convicted of armed robbery and jailed. He confessed to various illegalities, but still stuck to the UFO story despite attempts, including financial offers, to get him to repudiate the UFO story.

Travis Walton was missing for five days. He eventually turned up at a nearby town in a confused and distressed condition. He claimed that he could only remember about one to two hours after he encountered the UFO in the forest. He recalled being on a table in a strange room, being in great pain, and suddenly seeing three strange creatures. They had round, domed heads, large

Australian encounters



UFO abduction reports have been made in Australia, though none of them have been widely publicised. Given the shallow nature of much of the media coverage of this controversy, it's not surprising that most witnesses/claimants request anonymity. Consequently, the brief outlines of some of these cases given below do not include names or other identifying details.

1956. Central Queensland: A 12-year-old girl was crossing a paddock on the family farm when she felt a strange force upon her. She felt as if she was being lifted off the ground. As she tried to see what was above her, she lost consciousness. She awoke to find herself in a strange, large room with two men in silver-white suits. After surveying the room, which featured a colored galaxy display on one wall, the girl felt enormous pressure and again lost consciousness. She found herself back at the farm, but in a different paddock, with a huge saucer-shaped object hovering above her before it subsequently ascended rapidly to the west. The girl determined that two hours had elapsed since she initially lost consciousness. (*Source: Victorian UFO Research Society*)

About 1958. Gippsland area, Victoria: A young girl saw a UFO head down into a nearby forest during the night. She went to investigate. She remembers encountering "a small man" working on the outside of a strange object, and being signalled to stay away. The girl recollects being taken for a ride, ostensibly in the object she saw, and seeing an aerial view of her home town through the floor of the UFO. She does not remember how she got home, but clearly recalls getting a spanking for going to bed with dirty feet and soiling the sheets. Her left knee had been grazed. Other unusual experiences occurred later in her life. (*Source: personal investigation*)

1974. Far north-eastern South Australia: A man hunting for fossils in flat desert country was suddenly approached by two short beings who beckoned him to come with them. He was taken into an externally small object, which was impossibly much larger inside. Twenty or more similar beings were also inside. He was offered a drink, then passed out. He awoke and found himself on the floor of the object. He saw two human female children in a cage-like structure, who seemed to be in a trance. The man felt he had somehow been rejected by the beings. A doorway suddenly opened in front of him. He stepped out and found himself back on the desert floor. He rejoined a companion and found he had been away for about one and a half hours. (*Source: Australian Flying Saucer Research Society*)

1978. Snowy Mountains area, NSW: Two young men out spotlighting saw an unusual light in a paddock. A period of missing time elapsed. Some four or five years later, one of the men, following meditation classes, began experiencing very vivid and frightening "recollections" of the evening back in 1978. The two men had allegedly approached the light/object. They found themselves enveloped in a blue light and were floated into the object. The two were put on tables in a small cluttered room. Very tall thin beings with smooth grey skin, hairless heads, grey bulges where the eyes should be, and slit-like mouths conducted some sort of examination of the young men. What appeared to be a series of tests allegedly followed. The two were then returned to where they had first observed the object. (*Source: UFO Research (NSW)/personal investigation*)

Recently, researchers from South Australia (UFO Research Australia) have been investigating an extraordinary case that features the bizarre "baby presentation" elements present in cases investigated by Budd Hopkins in the United States. The case appears to involve three major episodes: a childhood entity encounter overseas, an abduction experience during 1977 in South Australia, which allegedly involved meeting a young girl inside a UFO (the girl had also been abducted some time earlier), and another abduction in May, 1989, during which an entity appeared with a "baby" — a miniature version of itself! The witness is allegedly unfamiliar with the work of Hopkins.

Australian researchers have also investigated a large number of cases that involve the element of missing time. One such case, which I have been researching, involves a woman from country NSW, who in about 1976 had a daylight experience in her own home, involving three short "entities." They seemed to be able to exercise control over the woman. According to the woman, the entities dragged her across the floor by "force of mind." A missing time period of some five hours followed. The woman has been hypnotised by a clinical psychologist in my presence, but no explanation of what happened during her missing time has emerged. This case is part of an ongoing investigation, which includes incidents that may involve her grown-up children. An artifact (an "implant" or something much more prosaic) was reportedly recovered from the woman.

English researcher Hilary Evans sums up the investigative dilemma. He says: "In one sense or another abduction reports are real; what is in doubt is whether that reality is the everyday reality of the physical world, or the private reality of the witness's mind."

I would like to hear from people who feel they may have had this sort of experience, and also from qualified professionals in the mental health field (psychologists, psychiatrists, etc) and other disciplines, who feel they may have something positive to contribute to an open-minded, serious investigation of these accounts. The well-being and best interests of the witnesses are paramount in these investigations. Confidentiality will be respected. I can be contacted at PO Box W42, West Pennant Hills NSW 2120.

eyes, tiny noses, mouths, and ears, and appeared to be about five feet tall. They left the room when Walton tried to defend himself. In another room Walton encountered a normal looking man who led him out of the UFO. He found himself in a large hangar-like area. The man took him to another small room, where two more normal-looking men and a woman asked him to get up on a table. A mask was placed over his face and he lost consciousness.

When he came to, Walton claims he was lying on the side of a highway. Directly above him was a UFO which suddenly shot vertically out of sight. Walton walked to the nearest town and made a desperate call to his brother-in-law.

The interest in Walton's alleged experience was enormous. He was subjected to all manner of investigation and became a target of both UFO proponents and opponents. He was variously seen as a bona fide victim of a UFO abduction and as a hoaxer. The truth could not be proven. The seven witnesses (including Walton) never deviated from their story despite the pressure of public opinion, UFO researchers and sceptical debunkers.

In 1979 Raymond Fowler's book, *The Andreasson Affair*, was published. It documented an investigation into the alleged experiences of Betty Andreasson who, along with members of her family, recalled a strange episode that occurred during a power failure at their house in South Ashburnham, Massachusetts, on January 25, 1967.

Betty Andreasson was the centre of the family experience and her recollections were the strongest. Under hypnosis she told a bizarre story of being escorted into a flying saucer. She described a frightening medical examination during which some kind of small ball was removed from her through her nose, and a needle was inserted into her navel (shades of Betty Hill). After the examination she was put into a strange type of chair with a cover over it. A liquid was pumped into the chair cover, totally immersing her. Later she recalled being taken by two aliens down a long dark tunnel and emerging into a weird alien environment. She also reported a mystical/religious enlightenment.

The investigation into the 1967 incident provided a tantalising hint of an earlier experience, but information about it and other bizarre experiences did not emerge until further investigations and hypnotic regressions during 1980. The results were published in 1982 in another book by Raymond Fowler, namely *The Andreasson Affair: Phase Two*. Most of the book focussed on an alleged experience Betty Andreasson had in 1950 at the age of 13. Under hypnosis she described another abduction, a journey down a tunnel into a strange subterranean realm, seeing a "great door" and meeting angelic-type entities, and a medical operation during which an implant was made behind her eyes.

The debate that ensued focussed on whether this was a complex fantasy or a hoax. None of the investigators involved, nor anyone who got to know Betty Andreasson well, felt it was a hoax.

Betty Andreasson's story took on a contactee-type dimension in that she sensed a relationship with the aliens. To the UFO researchers of the Seventies and Eighties this was the kiss of death — suggestive of a return to the absurdities of contactees in the Fifties, who claimed to have met with Venusians, Martians and the like.

One of the most interesting things about the Andreasson Affair is that it highlighted two points that were to become major components of the abduction tales that followed, namely: (a) The suggestion that so-called abductees may have had earlier childhood experiences, and (b) That

> After puberty, ova and sperm are taken from the abductees during follow-up abductions

"implants" were being placed in the bodies of abductees, perhaps to allow aliens to monitor their "targets."

In 1977 Dr James Harder, then research director of APRO, reported that he had hypnotised 104 people who had claimed UFO experiences. More than half appeared to have had multiple encounters. He said, "In the course of many hypnotic regressions, I found much evidence to support the theory that there is a means employed to find and re-examine abductees at various intervals, sometimes throughout a person's lifetime, without his or her being aware of it. It is as if some sort of extraterrestrial group of psychologists is making a study of humans."

Dr Harder found that typically abductees had had an earlier experience, usually between the ages of five and nine. He stressed that none of the 104 people he had studied was suffering mental disorders. "They were not crazy — just normal individuals."

Dr R. Leo Sprinkle, Director of Counselling and Testing and Professor of Counselling Services at the University of Wyoming, has probably hypnotised more reported abductees than anyone else. By 1985, he had interviewed and/or hypnotically regressed more than 250 people. Dr Sprinkle has been studying the abduction controversy since the Sixties. He compiled the following composite of a typical abduction:

1. Abductee is driving in the country at night.
2. A strange light is observed. He stops to watch it.
3. The light leaves and the witness resumes his journey.
4. Looking at his watch he discovers a period of missing time.
5. He feels disorientated and begins to experience weird dreams about UFOs and space aliens.
6. He may discover a strange scar on his body, or he suffers nausea or a skin rash.
7. He may become compulsive about finding out more about UFOs and psychic phenomena.
8. He may decide he must tell someone about it.
9. Hypnosis often reveals an account of being in a UFO and undergoing a medical examination.
10. He is altered by the experience. His attitude towards life dramatically changes. He becomes a "cosmic citizen" — part of something greater than his familiar routine.

Dr Leo Sprinkle now feels he may have joined the ranks of those he has studied for so long. A colleague of his, Professor Ed Paradise, hypnotically regressed Sprinkle. He recalled an experience he had when he was 11 (in 1941). It seemed to objectify a "recurring dream" he had. Sprinkle was allegedly hauled from his bed and found himself lying on a table with a tall man, in a one-piece uniform, looming over him. Next he was standing at a window looking out into what was apparently a star field. The man said, "Leo, when you grow up, you can help people understand more about their purpose in life."

It may be easy to dismiss Dr Sprinkle in light of this revelation, but to do so would be to ignore the often impressive research he has conducted over the years. It is research that has in part been replicated by a number of other researchers. What is being found is, at the very least, fascinating.

Enter Budd Hopkins. By 1987 he had worked intensively with 160 alleged abductees. A well-known abstract artist, he became interested in UFOs in 1964. During the late Seventies he began concentrating specifically on UFO abduction-type reports. That involvement led to the publication of two books on the subject — *Missing Time* (1981) and *Intruders* (1987). He is known as one of "UFOlogy's" most visible figures. Both his books, particularly *Intruders*, are among the most widely-read, controversial and influential works written on the UFO mystery.

Budd Hopkins succeeded in enlisting a large number of psychologists, psychiatrists and psychotherapists in the study of the persistent accounts of UFO abductions. He is credited with bringing abductions into the central focus of UFO study and research in the Eighties. Whether or not this is a good move is a matter of debate among UFO researchers. Not all accept that abduction claims are the key to the UFO mystery.

In *Missing Time*, Hopkins claimed he had made three basic discoveries: (a) That amnesia usually encountered in abduction cases can sometimes block almost all memory of an alleged abduction. (b) That many abductees are first abducted in childhood and are then systematically re-abducted in some kind of ongoing study (Just as Dr Harder reported in 1977). (c) That many adbuctees, particularly in childhood, are marked by incisions made by their abductors.

He described four people he had studied who had been born in 1943. Each had suffered a mysterious wound during 1950. For three of them, the 1950 incidents occurred during alleged UFO abductions (the fourth declined to be hypnotically regressed). He said that two of the subjects appeared to have been abducted a second time. None of them had any recall of a UFO experience prior to hypnosis.

Budd Hopkins' second book *Intruders* caused much greater controversy. In it he presented information about 12 similar cases, but focussed on the experiences of one woman, whom he calls Kathie Davis, and her family. His study of this woman's case led him to believe that he had discovered "the central purpose of the UFO abduction phenomenon." The Hopkins theory is as follows:

1. Human beings are first abducted when children. A cell sampling operation occurs. As a result, certain individuals are monitored closely in subsequent years.
2. After puberty, ova and sperm are taken from the abductees during follow-up abductions.
3. The goal of this is "the merging of human and 'alien' genetic material for the production of a hybrid race."

Hopkins writes of women who have been abducted, artificially inseminated, and re-abducted within a few months so that the developing human/alien embryos can be removed. The hybrids are then apparently brought to term in laboratory "nurseries" inside large UFOs. The males and females who have involuntarily provided cells are later abducted yet again to be shown the results — tiny hybrid infants. During these bizarre "baby presentations" abductees are asked to pick up and hold their "offspring" in a kind of bonding ritual.

Budd Hopkins' star witness is Kathie Davis. Her account included recollections of repeat abductions, a mysterious pregnancy termination, ova sampling, meeting her hybrid daughter twice and a "baby presentation dream." She was "told" during the second "presentation", during which the hybrid daughter was present, but older, with a "baby", that these children, ostensibly her own, "were but two of nine." Since 1978, "nine of her ova had been taken, successfully fertilised and brought to term." She was told she would be allowed to name the children. The two she saw she named Emily and Andrew!

You can understand why the controversy over the validity of these claims has been so intense. Hopkins states, "I am the first to admit the sheer outrageousness of such ideas, but outrageousness doesn't mean untruth. I find the evidence, unfortunately, compelling; I have every reason to conclude that these 'impossible' breeding experiments are actually taking place . . . I am convinced that, for good or for ill, these genetic procedures are at the heart of the UFO abduction phenomenon."

Budd Hopkins is working on a book on how people are coping with these experiences and how they have affected their lives. Tentatively entitled *Impact: The Effect Of UFO Experiences On Everyday Life*, it will be much more therapeutically orientated and will include input from the many mental health professionals who have worked with him.

Just as Budd Hopkins' *Intruders* signalled a new, bizarre and unbelievable direction in the UFO abduction controversy, the publication of Whitley Strieber's book *Communion* signalled another.

For the first time in the history of the controversy, a well-known figure — a suc-

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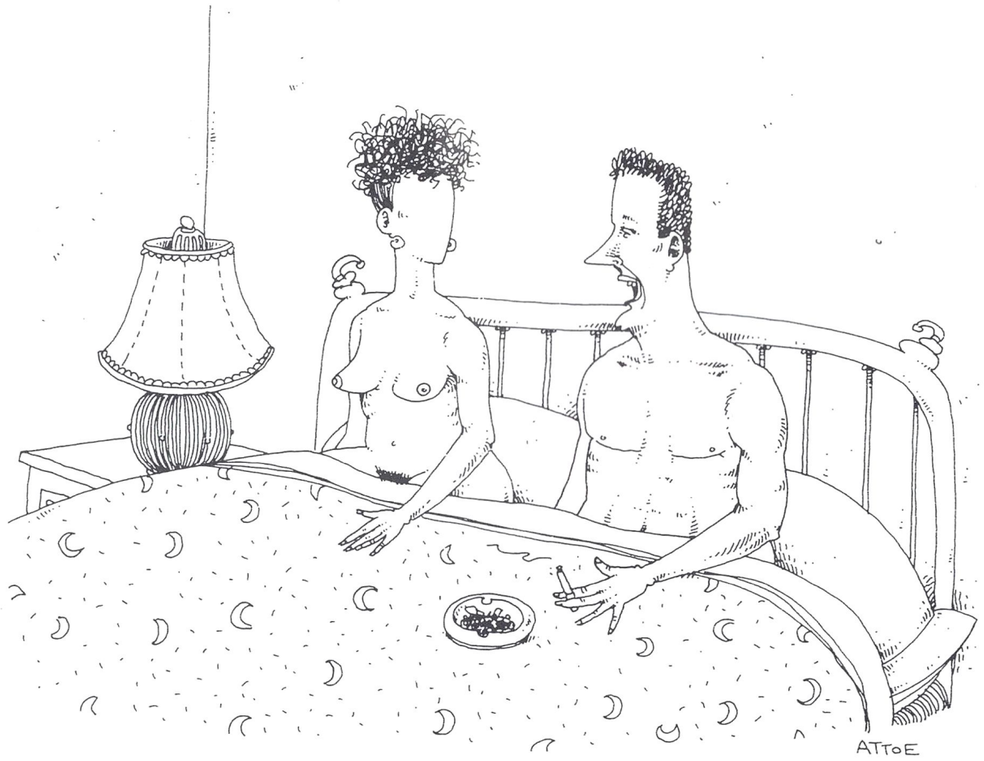
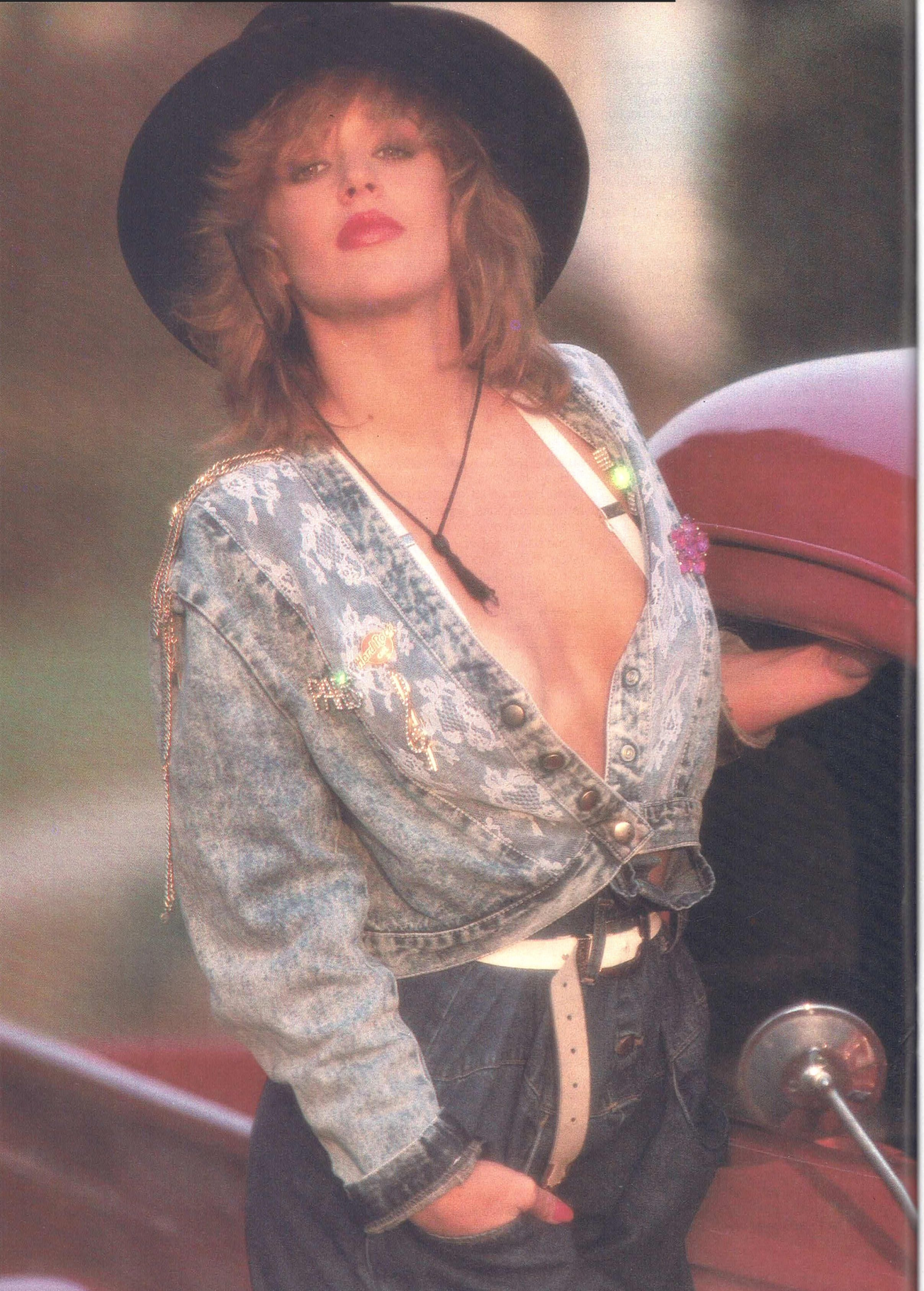


"I just realized something. I don't even know your name."



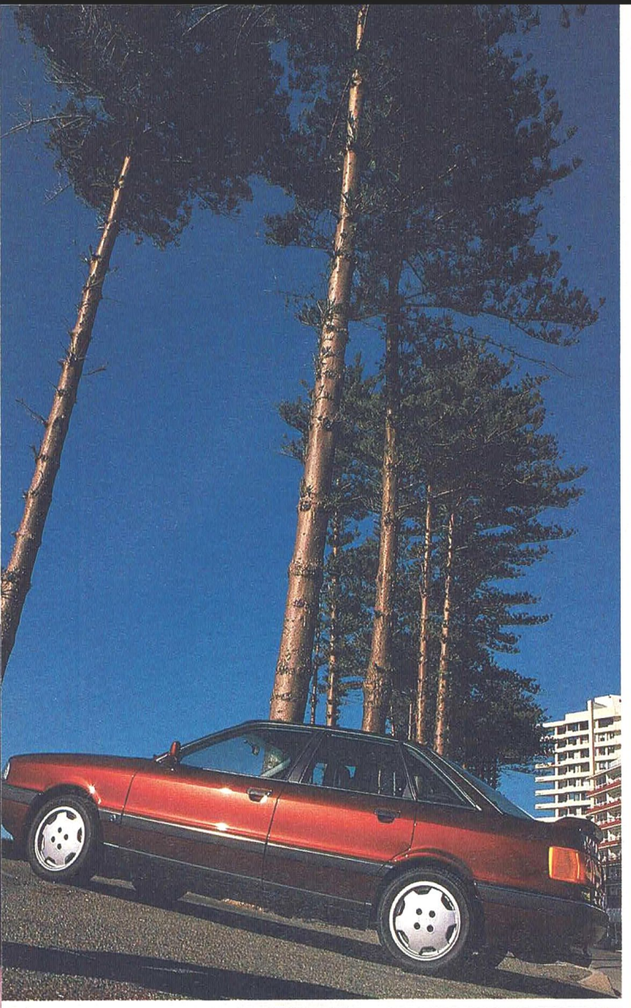
THE GREAT OUTDOORS

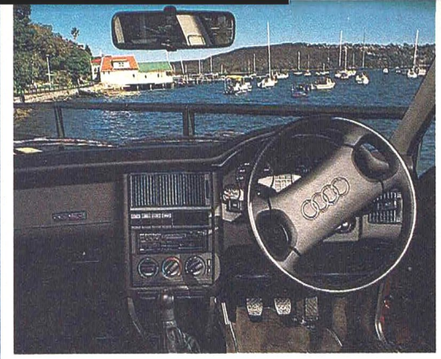
Stunning 20-year-old Sonja is a country girl at heart. "I grew up in a small one-put town out the back of Bourke. It was great for the outdoors life, fresh air and lots of places to go exploring."

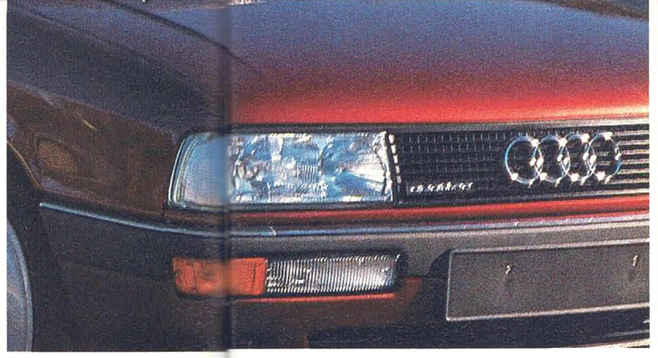
PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

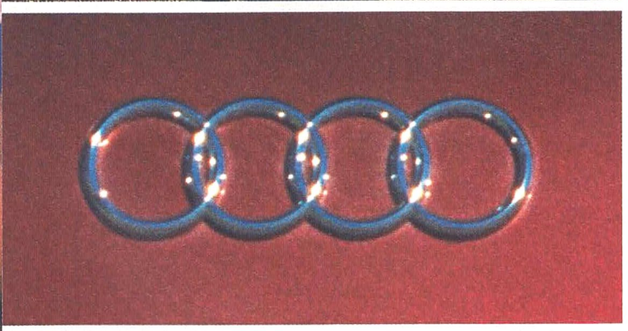
"We had to create our own entertainment. It makes you rely on your imagination. Rolling in hay was one of my favorite pastimes."

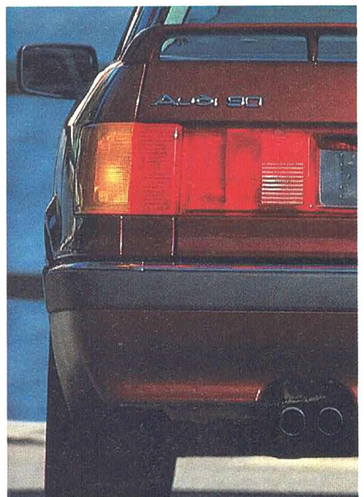
"I enjoy making love in the elements, especially under the stars. I've done it in caves, on mountains, by rivers and in tree forks . . . In fact, I could probably do an amorous nature program. I'd call it *The Naughty Naturalist*."











MOTORING BY PETER McKAY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY GRAHAM MONRO/FUJI FILM

THE AUDI ENIGMA

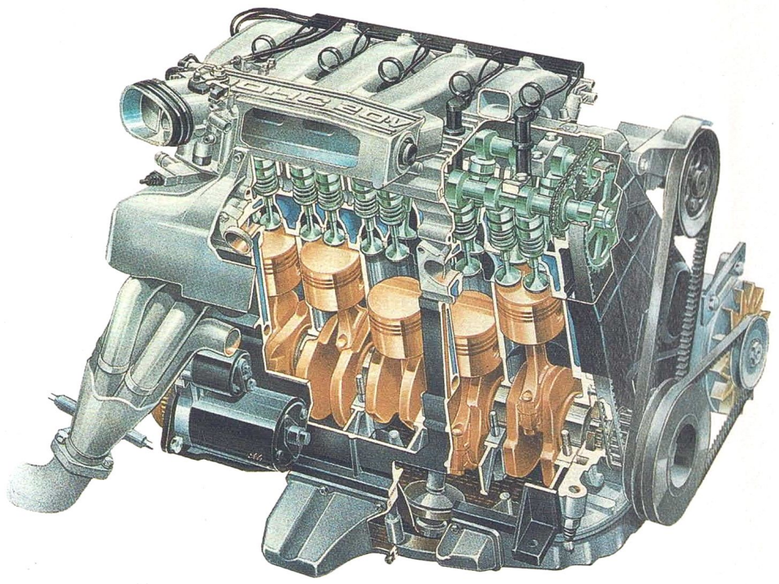
The mean and masculine Audi quattro is an instant cult car

The Audi quattro (with no capital "q") should have been in Australia at the start of 1980s, when it turned the motoring world upside down. Instead, it's making a belated appearance at the end of the decade. And about bloody time.

Let's go back to 1982. A turbocharged all-wheel-drive Audi quattro coupe triumphs in the World Rally Championship. Audi becomes the name on every rev head's slavering lips. Is it Owdy or is it Ordy? Who gives a damn? Go, baby, go. Lashings of turbocharged grunt and it grips like a three-year-old riding the ghost train. King of the forest trails, dominator on ice or snow or dirt or tarmac. Mean and masculine, the Audi quattro became an instant cult car.

The cognoscenti among poor little rich kids in Australia note the distant excitement and set up a small, excited clamor. But, LNC, the Australian importer, procrastinates. There are a stream of excuses and while LNC dithers, another world title falls to the Wolfsburg master blaster in 1984. But it's painfully obvious that the only quattro models destined for these shores will be privately imported.

Opportunity lost: how many quattros could have been sold here? Every one would have helped to create a desperately



The 90 quattro gets a tweaked 125 kilo-Watt 20-valve twin-cam version of the unusual five-cylinder Audi engine.

THE AUDI ENIGMA

needed profile and image for Audi. If this was a parent-child relationship, the courts would have charged LNC with neglect.

Move forward to 1989. LNC has gone out of the car business. Some say it was never really in it. No tears are recorded. VW-Audi has appointed Ateco Industries, owned by dynamic Kiwi car racer/yachtsman/businessman Neville Crichton. And, although Crichton believes in Audi and its sporting hi-tech philosophy, he's taken over at a time (late '87) when sales are in a slump. He's pushing hard, convincing the Germans to toss in a slab of Deutschmarks for advertising and promotion, and laying plans to introduce exciting new models.

And so he has. To a line-up that already includes the Audi 100 and flagship 200 T, Crichton adds the compact 80 sedan and then the bigger-engined 90. Elsewhere, Audi is copping it in the groin. The European press has offered a reserved welcome to the new V9 models, would-be Mercedes-S-class challengers. And in the US, accusations of unintended acceleration — unproven and later attributed to driver error — have dramatically hurt sales.

It's been a tough year for a company that has long coveted the high-rent territory occupied by fellow-Teutons, Mercedes-Benz and BMW. Audi has never quite created the gilt-edged image of its rivals although every so often it produces a car to give the high marques of Stuttgart and Munich some hurry up.

The turbocharged 200T cruiser, the 5-plus-5, the wonderful 100-series, which includes the splendid Avant wagon, all created envy among the opposition. And for the main, all remained state secrets in Australia.

Audi scored kudos for its pioneering swing into rounded aero body styling, producing cars so smooth and so slippery through the air that car makers around the world (except for reactionaries like Volvo of Sweden) went on a binge of copy-cat streamlining. At its launch in 1982, the Audi 100 was the most talked about car on earth, the most aerodynamically-efficient mass-produced car the motor industry had seen. It's like someone decreed: Thou Shalt Not Use A Straight Line. The practical benefits of an aerodynamically-efficient car are, of course, that less engine power is needed to force it through the air at cruising speeds. And it follows that there is a saving in fuel.

By daring to be different, Audi sometimes pays a price for its boldness. It swung over to front-wheel-drive half a century ago and, to its detriment, has stuck to this design philosophy while other upmarket car makers, including both Benz and BMW have resisted going down the same path. While the Audi front-wheel-drive package is quite brilliant, the prestige and sporting saloon buyer — the ultimate arbiter — has re-affirmed his broad preference for cars propelled from the rear.

The quattro — the world's first mass-produced passenger car with permanent four-wheel drive — and consequently aped by a succession of European and Japanese creations — shattered all the old front — versus rear-wheel-drive arguments.

And now, finally, Australia is getting quattros in volume. Last year a few four-door 80 quattros dribbled in. Then a couple of months ago, into the showrooms zipped the first shipment of the stunning Audi 90 quattros — with the more powerful 125 kW 2.3-litre twin-cam 20-valve variant of the familiar five-cylinder engine. Built only in five-speed manual form, they're priced at $79,500, or $25,000 more than the least expensive of the 100 kW two-wheel-drive 90 range.

Handsomely equipped, the quattro comes with air, quality sound system, electrically-adjustable and heated external mirrors, central locking, electric window lifters, and height-adjustable sports seats. The only options are a sunroof and spiffy full leather upholstery.

The orders are zinging in. Ateco reckons it'll shift about 150 of the quattro 90s per year, so obviously the prospect of paying an extra 25 biggies hasn't daunted those

Continued on page 144

For around the price of one snob machine

you could buy all four of these

Of course we aren't suggesting you should buy them all, but then again why not? Lada Cabrio is the ultimate fun machine, stylish, sun loving, with the get up and go to take you just about anywhere with its constant 4 wheel drive that proved itself by winning class in the Wynns last year. It's priced around one third of the cost of a you know what. Of course they're so popular that you might have to wait a while for one.

Or if your fancy is for rugged individualism without the frills of the city slickers, there's always the Lada Niva Constant 4 x 4. Dare we say that this one came in first, second and third in class in the big one the year before. They're never going to believe you when you say that the Lada Samara shows its Porsche design influence but it's true. Here is a small car that is pure motoring value. If you want the stylish extras there's the new Samara Volante, with spoiler, mag wheels, radials, sports steering wheel and superb 4-speaker stereo sound or you might prefer the Peter Brock version we call the Samara Deluxe at a little bit more.

We repeat. You could buy the lot for the price of most snob machines nowadays, particularly since, to buy one qualifies you for a Family Fleet Owner Discount on any subsequent purchases. The choice is yours. See your Lada Dealer.

And one of these as change

From left: Niva Cabrio $15,990, Niva Constant 4 x 4 $13,990, Samara Deluxe by Brock $13,990, Samara $10,990 and above; Samara Volante $12,490. (All prices plus Statutory Charges and Dealer Delivery Costs.)

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Despite the thousands flocking to be guests of the Queen, Australian prisons are not as smart on service as some would suggest

HOLIDAYS IN HELL

One of the trendiest ways to "get away from it all" these days is to go to jail. The rush to become a guest of Her Majesty has turned to a stampede these last few years, and the facilities are bulging at the seams. Fifteen thousand people checked into NSW institutions last year, and apparently the trend is still on the increase in every state.

"What's the big attraction?" you might ask. Well, Her Majesty's prisons have been getting a tremendous amount of good publicity. People hog the airwaves on talkback radio shows to announce they "know for a fact" that their tax dollars are being used to supply prisoners with CD players and wall-to-wall cashmere carpets. Every day the various Departments Of Corrective Services get phone calls and letters from irate citizens proclaiming that inmates are living in "sheer luxury" and that they "won't have it." Taxi drivers froth at the mouth before telling their passengers: "It's like a bloody hotel in there."

But is the hype really justified, or is all this just another PR exercise to lift the image of an inferior product? Are our prisons really comparable in quality to places like the Regent or the Hilton, or are they in fact a shabby down-market imitation? Are people being sucked in, and paying dearly for their naivety? *Penthouse* decided it was time these questions were answered. We assembled an anonymous panel of reviewers, consisting of both prison staff and gentlemen who'd been their guests for considerable lengths of time. If you're thinking of doing a bit of "porridge", the observations of these experienced people should help you decide whether you'd be better off in more conventional holiday accommodation.

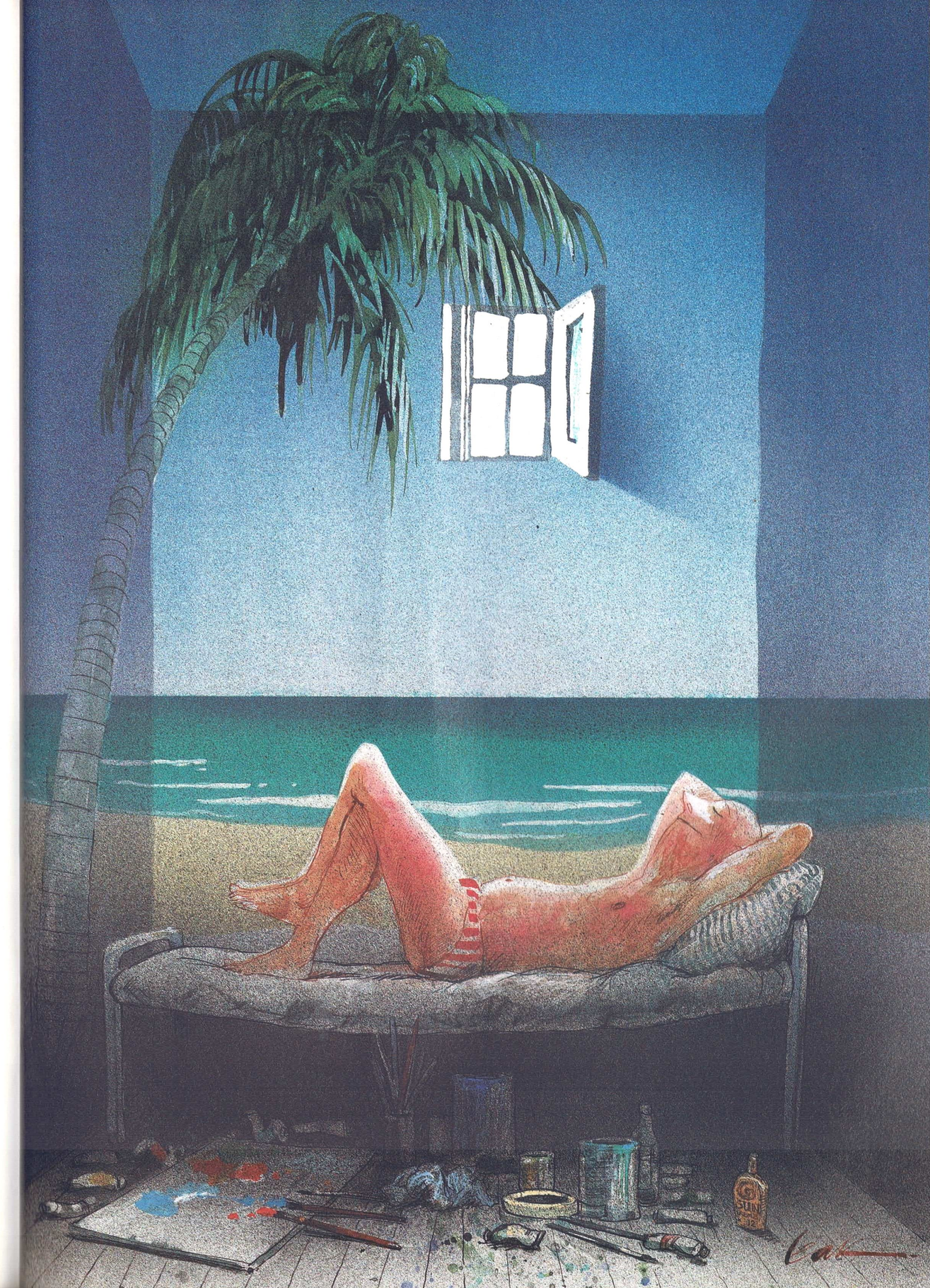
Before we rate each of the most popular maximum security set-ups individually, some general points. Sticking with convention, we'll look at the positive side first.

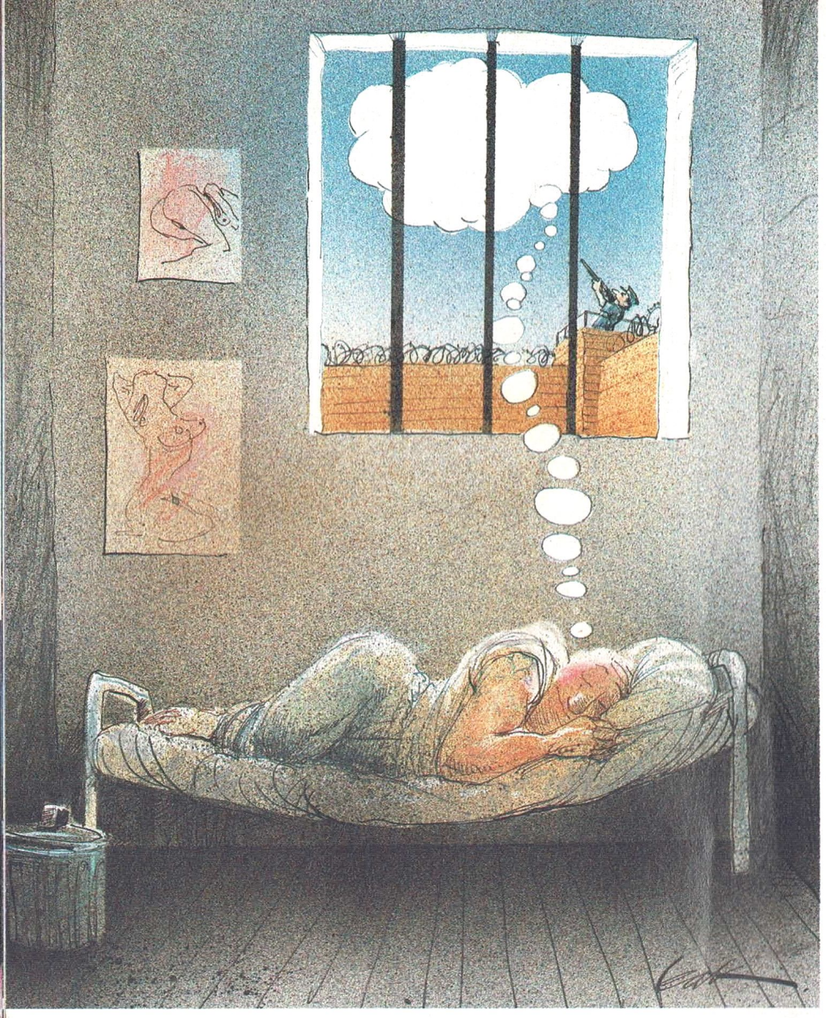
Long-lasting friendships can be formed in jail and, if you're considering a career as a professional criminal, prison is the best place to learn. The conversation of guests revolves almost exclusively around crime, and so, as one reviewer observed: "Jail is the best university of crime there is."

Despite stringent precautions, jails are still a very good place to get hold of drugs. "Sometimes there's more drugs inside than outside on the streets," said one reviewer. Another recalled: "I've had to come up to prison sometimes just to get some grass." Pill abuse, normally more popular at female prisons, has started to come into vogue at the male institutions. And if a guest dissatisfied with the service complains, he's likely to be given a sedative or anti-anxiety medication free of charge. In conventional hotels, no-one gets anything like that for nothing. The consensus on the food was that it's fabulous — better, some said, than what they tended to eat outside. And so it should be. Prisons offer a hot meat dish every night, salads and desserts. Guests can request vegetarian dishes if they prefer and the menu goes in a 28-day cycle for variety. Guests tend to become healthier and healthier, as the meals are nutritionally balanced and they can't dial a pizza or sneak off to

BY JEAN NORMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BILL LEAK





HELL

McDonalds. "They've changed the menu since my day," snarled one panellist who related a ghastly tale of glutinous maggot-infested oatmeal muck.

Apparently, it used to be that if a guest complained about his dinner or tried to send it back to the kitchen, he'd be deemed to be on a hunger strike. Now the only complaint, according to a chap who's currently reviewing the Metropolitan Remand Centre at Long Bay, is that he keeps breaking the cutlery on his steaks. Unlike the equipment at standard hotels, the cutlery inside is all plastic.

Indeed, standards have definitely improved. Once upon a time inmates had to relieve themselves into a bowl in the corner of the room and empty it themselves in the morning. Sewage systems are now universal. And it's true that some guests have televisions, carpet and stereos in their rooms — but they've had to save up and buy those items themselves. A unique feature of this form of accommodation is that guests are expected to work during their stay and they have the chance to amass savings. Salaries, though, are not commensurate with the outside labor market. They range from $9 per week for something like yard sweeping to $17 per week for a skilled job.

Another unusual feature of Chez Clink is the provision of guest psychologists who are supposed to provide counselling and "facilitate self-help groups." However, the review panel says guests tend not to take advantage of this complimentary service because they're worried that what they say could jeopardise their parole reports.

Like all the great hotels, maximum security jails look imposing and impressive — although not in the classic marble-foyered ostentatious style. And as with the likes of the Hilton and the Regent, it's the little touches that count. Many of the maximum security staff are distinctive in that they carry either .223 Ruger carbine rifles or .38 Smith & Wesson revolvers. It all helps to give these places a particular atmosphere that just can't be duplicated anywhere else.

So much for the positive aspects. The truth is that there are also a great many pitfalls associated with prison accommodation. Perhaps they'd all become jaded from over-exposure to these places, but all our reviewers felt Her Majesty's prisons failed abysmally in any bid to warrant a five-star rating.

The inconveniences seem almost too numerous to list. But to begin at the top, one reviewer snarled: "How often do you hear of hotel staff flogging their guests with batons?" He certainly has a point. Furthermore, it seems only one prison in NSW has an ensuite shower in every room; the service leaves a lot to be desired and can even be quite surly at times; and the in-house entertainment is, at best, lacking in imagination. All reviewers said prison staff consistently failed to exhibit the "hospitality is a profession" attitude guests expect from the staff of hotels like the Sebel Town House. Instead they often behaved as if they couldn't care less about the welfare of inmates.

Room service is practically non-existent. To get it a guest has to either bellow like a wounded bull, attack his room-mate (accommodation is generally on a twin-share basis) or kill himself. Even these extreme measures don't always guarantee results.

Guests can't just check out whenever they feel like it without going through a lot of red tape or exposing themselves to real danger. They even have to purchase their own toothpaste, shampoo and soap. There are no luxurious complimentary dressing gowns to even think about stealing at the end of your stay.

Chez Clink even bans Vegemite, sugar and fruit! It seems guests get so fed up with the lack of a house bar they'll understandably resort to making their own brew. You do it by obtaining a bottle of cordial, adding the above ingredients and waiting for it all to ferment. The result, though, tastes nothing like a Mai Tai or a Singapore Sling. It's "shocking", according to the panellists, but it gets you off your face in no time. Prison staff actually prefer guests to be on drugs rather than sculling away at their home-away-from-home brew. A spokesman for the NSW Corrective Services Department confirmed that the booze did make guests "spontaneously undesirable and violent, whereas drugs are more of an individual thing and tend to make them quieter." He was, however, at pains to point out that management did not tolerate either.

As with conventional hotels, prisons have different policies depending on the individual management styles of the operators. For example, guests with exactly the same "security classifications" will be allowed "contact visits" at one place and refused them at another. Despite these variations, guests aren't able to choose which prison they check into. They just have to take pot luck.

Perhaps the most damning criticism of all is that in the vast majority of cases, people don't even get a choice about whether or not to go to jail in the first place. And although thrill killers and major drug dealers tend to hog all the publicity, they make up only a tiny percentage of guests. In fact, anyone can be compelled to go to jail. A drunken drive down the highway, a spot of insider trading, a little snort of coke, a slightly intense domestic squabble, a minor tax fiddle, or even simply suggesting that a traffic officer should go and stick his head up his bum . . . any of these activities could lead to a sojourn chez Her Majesty for a considerable period.

Clearly, then, going to jail is not all it's cracked up to be. Bearing those harsh realities in mind, here are some capsule reviews of some of the most popular maximum security prisons in the state of NSW. Our panellists were all drawn from that state, but you can assume that conditions will be similar throughout Australia.

Parramatta Jail was built in 1835, making it the oldest jail in NSW and giving it considerable historical interest. It has a gym with Nautilus equipment, a football field, tennis and squash courts and libraries. Activities for guests include arts and crafts, pottery, fitting and machining and computer programming.

Reviewers' Comments:

"A revolting hole."

"It's haunted."

"There's cockroaches in there you could throw a saddle on."

"There's not enough textbooks for the correspondence school inmates and there's no law library."

"It's a dank tomb in winter and a stinking sauna in summer."

"You're not allowed any real porno stuff in there."

"At least the cockroaches help keep the rats down."

Management's Comments:

"It is very old, obviously, but we're planning to renovate. There are plans afoot for alternative accommodation."

"Sydney always has cockroaches but I must admit they are rather large at Parramatta."

"It is *not* haunted."

"There are lots of cavities in the floors and walls and that may be why there's this . . . er . . . infestation."

"*Penthouse* is all right. They can have those, but the guards confiscate magazines like *Ribald*."

Visitors: It depends on the individual guest. Generally they're allowed two contact visits per week on any day between 9am and 3.30am for up to an hour.

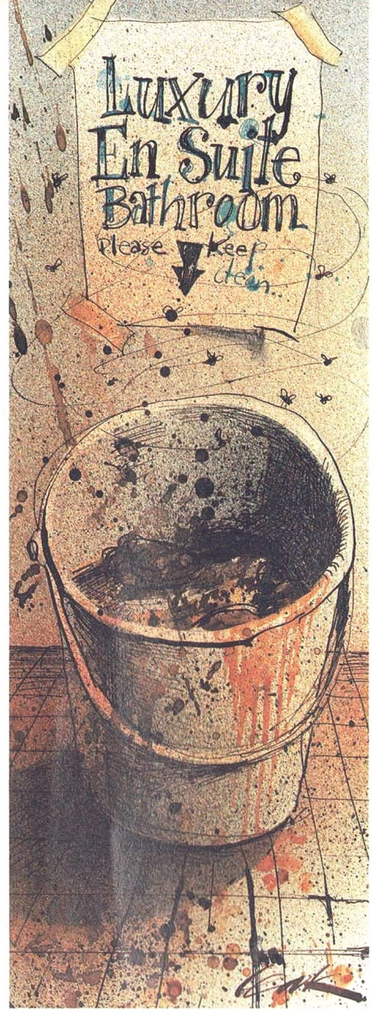
Penthouse Rating: *

Parklea is the newest prison in the state and is known to many as the Parklea Regency. Rooms have an ensuite shower and toilet, power points and heaters. There's a gym, football field, squash courts, basketball court, billiards and pool room, Space Invaders machines and a communal dining room.

Reviewers' Comments:

"It's nice having a shower in your room. Communal showers are such great places to get yourself stabbed in — because of all the steam, see?"

"It's clinically clean and has a much nicer atmosphere than the others."



"You can get dirty magazines and cook in your own cell if you want."

"They've got the best library and they don't mind if you put the books back in the wrong places."

Management's Comments:

"It's a very nice place as far as prisons go and we're proud of it."

"Yes, we'll let in pornography and there's certainly a lot of it around here."

Visitors: Contact visits and as many as guests like, but only between 12 and 2pm on Wednesdays and 10am to 2pm on weekends.

Penthouse Rating: ****

Central Industrial Prison at Long Bay is also known as The Ship. It has a gym, library and volleyball court. Activities for guests, severely limited, are bricklaying, yard sweeping and routine clerical work.

Reviewers' Comments:

"Four or five hundred men wandering around in circles all day long is one of the most depressing sights on Earth."

"Even if someone hasn't seen you for years they're still only allowed to give you six books, magazines or photos."

"There's no porn allowed."

"Take your dinner into the toilet and spend a few days there to get an idea of what it's like."

"Have you ever spent six hours with a broom sweeping up non-existent specks of dust?"

Management's Comments:

"Facilities aren't that crash-hot here."

"It *is* a prison after all."

Visitors: Up to discretion of the Maitre d'.

Penthouse Rating: *

Maitland Jail is known as The Electronic Zoo. What magazines are allowed depends on who happens to be at the gates, according to a prison officer who answered *Penthouse's* call. The review panel simply said Maitland was a case of "tough tittie." For instance, if a visitor was a few minutes late for their appointment with a guest, they wouldn't be allowed in. The guards would not divulge the range of activities, but did say that guests could wear a tracksuit from home provided it was in regulation green. Maitland allows "box visits" — that is, no contact with visitors — at the discretion of the Maitre d'. Contact visits can be arranged through an application in writing.

Penthouse Rating: **

Goulburn Jail, according to the review panel, is chock full of informers ("dogs") and child molesters and killers ("rock-spiders"). The Department does not agree with this assessment. No pornography is allowed and guests can receive only one visit per week, but for as long as they like. The emphasis here is on canvaswork, leatherwork and sewing.

Penthouse Rating: *½

In summary, it appears that the right-wing politicians, tub-thumping radio jocks, self-righteous whingers and other complete fuckwits who share an inflated view of the standards of accommodation in our prisons are a fair way wide of the mark. But if you insist on joining the trendsetters at these over-hyped holiday houses, make sure you first get hold of a helpful little brochure called *The Correctional System*. It details the etiquette that should be observed if you want to get the best service, and lists certain things that are simply not done. These include attempting to check out before completing your scheduled stay, inciting mutiny among guests, faking illness, being idle at work, swearing profanely, behaving irreverently during divine services, and taking hostages.

You're not expected to tip the staff, and some may even take offence if you try. You'll no doubt want to make a good impression with the other guests. Our review panel suggest you'll get along best if you're "not averse to violence, know how to fight and don't take any shit. You should also mind your own business. If you see anything — you didn't see anything. Don't stir and don't gossip."

And above all, don't ever bend over to pick up the soap in the showers.

FICTION BY ROGER RAFTERY
ILLUSTRATION BY AMANDA UPTON

SQUAWK

Birds of a feather come unstuck together

"Patto, Patto! I think she's croaked it!"

"What?"

"She isn't moving."

"Jesus!" Patto hissed. "I said *hold* her, not hug her."

"She'd seen my face, I think!" Johnsie pleaded.

"Well get that light out!" Patto barked at him. The light went off, leaving the house in darkness.

"Let's have a look at her," Patto said, feeling his way along the passage wall to the old woman's bedroom. "She's probably only passed out or something. God, you haven't pissed yourself as well have you?" he asked, coming into the bedroom.

"No," Johnsie said, his chest heaving, "that's the commode. Kicked it over when I came in — that must be what woke her up."

When Patto got up to the head of the bed Johnsie held his torch on the old woman's face. There was no sign of any animation in the wrinkled yellow features. A large bruise was visible on her neck. "Good God!" Patto said and sweat began to break out on his forehead.

"I hardly touched her, I hardly touched her!" Johnsie was saying. "She must have had a dicky heart or something."

"Be better off taking a fucking gorilla with me!" Patto burst out. "Killed her!" he added, shaking his head incredulously. "And all for nix, stuff all! So much for the crap about the old miser's hoard. There's nothing in the filthy dump but cat hairs and cockroach shit."

"We haven't checked that end room yet, Patto," Johnsie said hopefully.

"Are you off your fucking brain?"

For a few moments a deathly silence fell on the house. It was broken by the faint cry of a siren a long way off.

"That couldn't be coming here!" Johnsie said.

"You can wait around to find out," Patto said, grabbing the torch from him.

"All right, all right, I'm coming," Johnsie said, following behind him.

"The back room came off the end of this passage, didn't it?" Patto asked.

"Yeah — I think."

They were nearly at the end of the passage when they both froze in their tracks. A voice out of the darkness was going: "Patto Patto."

Patto spun round with the torch. An old sulphur-crested cockatoo was hanging in a cage from the alcove ceiling. "Patto Patto," it went, bobbing its head from side to side. "It's only a bloody cocky! Come on, come on," Johnsie said, shoving Patto from behind. Wherever the siren was headed, it was getting closer all the time.

They stumbled out into the backyard, across the fence and into Johnsie's car. Johnsie didn't take his foot off the floor till they were ten minutes away from the old lady's house. He pulled up in a secluded spot and hauled the brandy bottle out of the

glovebox. "Jeez, did you shit!" he laughed, taking a gulp from the bottle. "A fucking cocky!"

"How many times, how many *times* have I told you not to use names on a job?" Patto fumed. "That thing must have heard you . . ."

"So what?" Johnsie said, taking another mouthful of brandy. "You frightened it's going to squawk?"

"Very funny. Frigging Detective Sergeant Baker down at CID's only got to get an earful of that . . . He knows I work this area and he can put two and two together, the cunt, if nothing else. And he knows you're my mate, don't forget that. It'd be manslaughter — if we're bloody lucky."

"I'll get the missus to swear I was up her all night," Johnsie said hurriedly.

"Who's gonna believe that?" Patto said. "Besides, I think Rodger The Lodger might be able to refute it."

"What do you mean by that? Eh?" Johnsie demanded.

"What do you reckon?"

"He wouldn't touch her. He wouldn't *dare*. Anyhow, he's impotent. He told me when he was pissed up the pub one night just after he moved in."

"Look, all I meant," Patto said, repenting that he'd said anything, "was that if he's been sitting around at your place watching *A Country Practice* with your missus he's going to know you weren't home all night, isn't he? We're in this together, mate."

"So what do you reckon — we go back and wring the cocky's neck?"

"Strikes me as a better idea than spending 18 years banged up in a cell with you," Patto said.

"*Now?*"

"I'll drive if you've got the Joe Blakes."

"I'll be all right," Johnsie said defensively, tossing the bottle back into the glovebox.

They got back to the old lady's house in time to see an ambulance slowly pulling away. In the front window of the old lady's house a blue light — kindly installed by Rotary International as a public service for the isolated elderly in cases of illness and mishap — was still flashing. A couple of uniformed cops and a small crowd were standing in the street.

"Shit, lucky we did get out when we did," Johnsie said.

"Yeah, real lucky," Patto said, his head sinking into his hands, as Johnsie cruised the car gently past. He turned the first corner he came to and planted his foot.

"We've had it now," Patto said, staring vacantly out the window as the suburban night sped past.

"Hang on, hang on," Johnsie said, taking his hands off the wheel and clicking his fingers for joy. "I just remembered: Whatshisname told me down the Darts Club yesterday. Baker's away on some fuck-arse course! Remedial Manners, or something . . . He don't get back till Friday! There isn't anyone else that can finger us, is there?"

"Not with Baker's local knowledge, thank Christ," Patto said, perking up. "What does that give us . . . four whole days. If we can't shut that moth-eaten mother's beak in that time we deserve locking up!"

Much as they had expected, the scene of the crime was crawling with cops, TV crews and such like till well into the afternoon of the following day. They kept a weather eye on the place by circling past every hour or so in Johnsie's car. A bit after three the crowd had thinned down to civilians so Johnsie and Patto risked going in on foot to check the situation out.

As they brushed past, an old woman was saying to a woman in her early thirties, ". . . Lived next door to your Mum for 20 years and never a cross word. If there's anything I can do, Shirley . . ."

"Thanks," the younger woman said unenthusiastically.

> "While I had her occupied in bed you could sneak in and wring the thing's neck."

Patto and Johnsie kept walking down to the bus shelter on the corner, where they stopped to light a smoke. "That must be the old crow's heir," Patto said, exhaling a cloud of smoke. "But she wouldn't be moving in now or anything . . ."

"Well . . ." Johnsie said, "she's got the key in the door and she's opening the door and going inside and closing the door behind her . . ."

"Shit!" Patto swore. They grabbed a couple of dozen from a drive-in bottle shop and drove back to Patto's joint to think the situation over.

"Nah, nah," Patto decided after several bottles of deliberation. "She couldn't be moving in — they wouldn't have had time to brush the cobwebs off Mum's will yet."

"Maybe she's from out of town," Johnsie suggested, "and shacking up there till Mum's decently tucked away and whatnot. Otherwise the motel charges would eat up more than the whole estate was worth."

Patto shook his head. "I reckon she went in there just to throw those thieving vultures of next-door neighbors off the scent — so they're not in there stripping the carpet off the floors and the paper off the walls before the fridge door's shut behind Mum."

When the couple of dozen were gone it was dark enough to go back for another look. There was a light burning in the dead woman's side window.

"Mm," Johnsie said.

"All a light means," Patto tried to tell him, "is that somebody paid the last electricity bill." They parked the car in a side street. "We *listen* for sounds of life," Patto said as they sidled back to the house. "No-one got round to rigging up an electronic timer to flush the toilet yet, for example."

They stood with an ear each against the wall on the dark side of the house, virtually invisible from the street. "Eh," Johnsie whispered after a while, "I think I hear something." Patto pushed his ear harder against the wall. Through the crumbling masonry he heard, faintly but distinctly, "Patto Patto."

"It's that fucking bird," Patto ejaculated.

The back light flickered on and a female voice called out. "Who's out there?" Patto and Johnsie scrambled for their lives back round to the side street and the safety of the car.

They were still sitting in the car, trying to make up their minds what to do, a few minutes later when a woman in a tank top, tracksuit pants and slippers ambled past on her way to the corner shop. "That's her!" Johnsie said.

"Yeah," Patto agreed. The woman came out of the shop with a litre of coke under her arms and a cigarette dangling from her mouth at about the same angle as her breasts were dangling in her tank top. "If that isn't a yard and a half of slack arse," Patto said, "I need my flaming eyes tested! I ought to try to get on with it and then while I had her occupied in bed you could sneak in and wring the thing's neck."

"Thirty seconds wouldn't be long enough would it?" Johnsie said, casually lighting a smoke.

The next day they were back keeping the same vigil. Around noon the sounds of a vacuum cleaner could be heard even from the street. Later, rugs were thrown over the clothesline out the back and the woman brought the cocky out and hung its cage from a hook on the sunny side of the house.

"Je-sus," Patto bewailed from the car across the street, "if I still had my old 12-gauge I could blast that thing into next week from here — cage, crap and crackers as well."

When it got dark Johnsie said, as he was screwing the top back on the thermos, "I don't want to be picky or anything but we've only got a couple of days left before Baker gets back."

"Look!" Patto said, pointing. The woman, heavily tarted up, came out of the house and moved along the street to the bus stop. "I didn't think she was the type to sit on a thing for long enough when she could be out sharing it round," Patto said.

The bus wasn't out of sight before he was diving out of the car towards the house. "Let's get this bullshit over with," he said.

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SQUAWK

He pulled out his flexible plastic ruler and clicked the tongue of the lock back. Johnsie followed him in and closed the door behind them.

They felt their way along the lightless passage for a few feet before Patto risked his torch. "Now, down here, wasn't it?" he thought out loud. They found the alcove again and Patto swung his torch into the cage.

The cocky's eyes lit up. "Patto Patto!" it said, bobbing its head up and down.

"Yeah it's me again, fuck-knuckle," Patto said. "And while you've got your head down there kiss your arse goodbye."

Johnsie squinted at the inscription etched at the base of the cage.

"Pretty Boy," he read. "Dumb name."

"Yeah," Patto said. "So put him out of his misery."

"Eh?"

"Knock its fucking head off."

"Oh yeah. What do I do this with — my dick or my fingernails?"

"You didn't mind topping the old girl, for fuck's sake!" Patto exploded. "Get out of the way. I'll do it myself," he said, elbowing Johnsie out of the way. "Hold the torch."

"I think maybe we spent so much time worrying about how to get in we forgot to worry about what we were going to do when we got here," Johnsie said.

"Shut up!" Patto told him. "And hold that bloody torch steady." He put his hand on the cage door and opened it diffidently.

"It's only a bird," Johnsie said.

Patto made a grab for the cocky's throat. The cocky nipped sharply at Patto's hand. Patto jerked his hand out and sucked at the blood running from his finger. "So that's the way you want to play is it, you bastard?" he said, wrapping a rag from the alcove table around his hand.

"Er . . ." Johnsie said, pointing to Patto's hand.

"Aaark!" Patto said, flinging the rag away when he recognised it as yesterday's pair of Size XL No Knickers. "That dirty, filthy . . ."

"So now . . .?" Johnsie asked.

"So now," Patto said, and the blade of a flick-knife flashed in the torchbeam. He lunged at the cage door opening, collecting the side of the cage on the way and bringing it crashing down off its mount. The cage rolled across the floor with feathers flying in all directions. Patto stumbled back into Johnsie and knocked the torch out of his hand. It went dark.

"Find the torch, find the torch for fuck's sake!" Patto screeched, but he was no match for Pretty Boy's screeching.

"I've got it!" Johnsie shouted over the bird's racket. He flicked the switch desperately. "The bloody thing's stuffed!" he said. "I'm getting out of here."

There was an unholy scramble in the dark as the two men fought to get out of the house. They could still hear the cocky squawking from several blocks away.

"Christ," Johnsie said, fighting to get his breath back. "That thing makes more noise than a burglar alarm. It'd wake the dead."

"Would have come in handy Sunday night then, wouldn't it?" Patto said sarcastically.

"Don't take it out on me," Johnsie retorted, "just because a bird got the better of you."

"It's all under control," Patto informed him placidly. He pulled the afternoon paper from his back pocket and jabbed his finger at the Funeral Notices. "Mrs Matovich to be laid to rest tomorrow," he said. "So we get a couple of uninterrupted hours of *daylight* alone with the bird while they bung the old girl down."

"6 to 5 on the cocky," Johnsie said.

The black car pulled away from the kerb with the dead woman's daughter safely inside.

"With any luck it might have ruptured itself last night — all the fuss it was kicking up — and carked it," Johnsie said hopefully while Patto fiddled with the back door of the house.

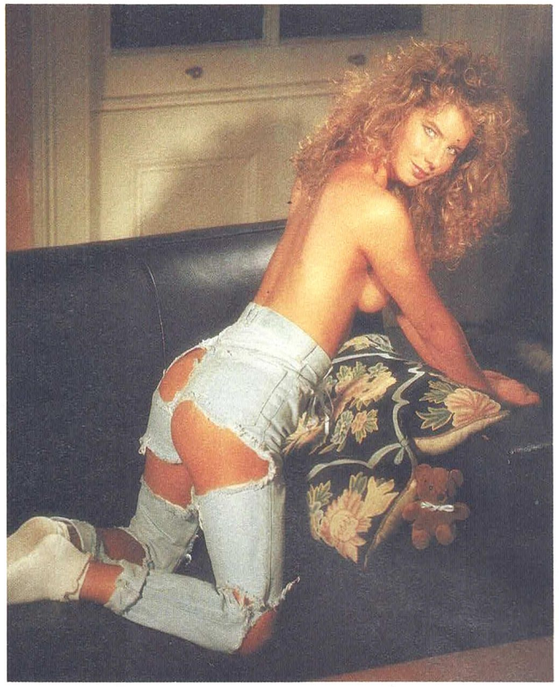
"I sincerely hope so," Patto said, "but I'm not leaving anything to chance."

But Pretty Boy in fact seemed quite chirpy considering its recent ordeal.

Continued on page 134

"The worst part is, I keep stepping on my pubic hair."

Hair, make-up and styling by Bambi, white beaded corset, tulle skirt and white spotted lingerie by Rod Alexander 9539137, denim by Dirty Looks 6815819, swimsuit by Running Bare 3192722.

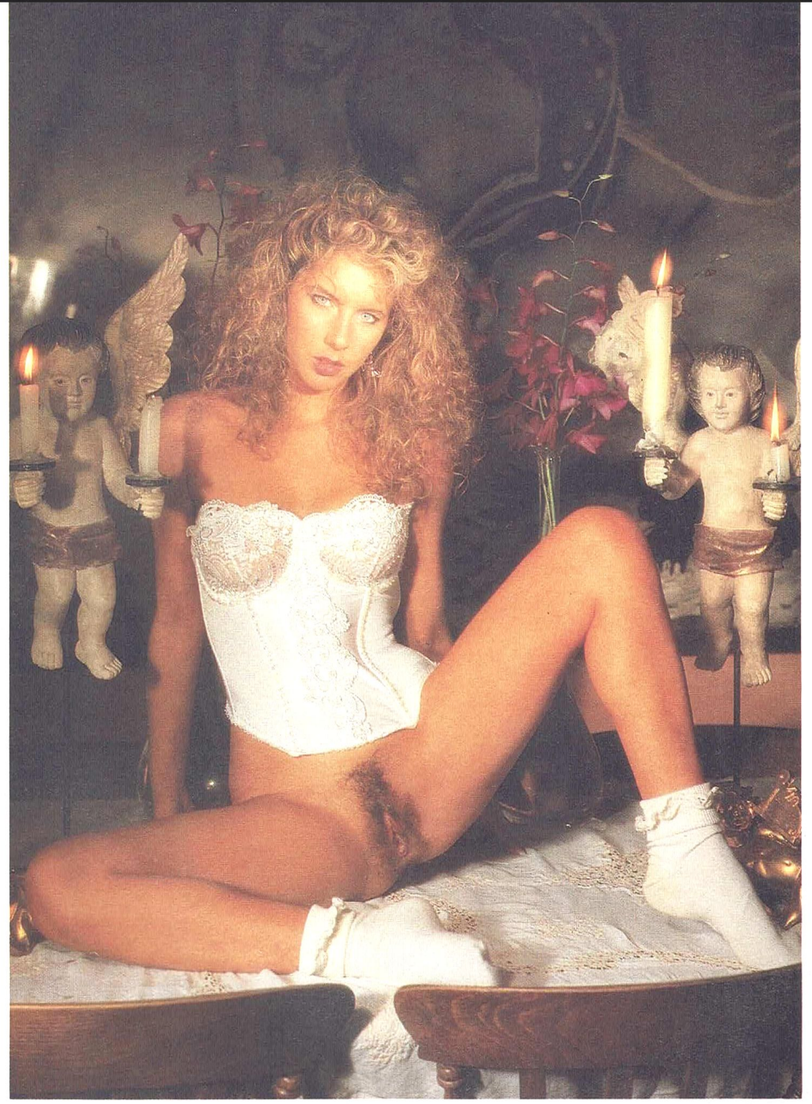


BOBBIE

HIGH VOLTAGE

The Sunshine State boasts many attractions and not least of them is beautiful 19-year-old Bobbie Reynolds. Brisbane one-way to Broadway is the route this determined young dazzler is set to take. "I want to be an actress, dancer or singer," she says.

PHOTOGRAPHY BY NICK BROKENSHA



No dizzy blonde, Bobbie boasts a multitude of talents. Her resumé reads like a whirlwind. She has sung on stage and television, performed in a dance troupe and does photographic modelling. She has already had parts in several stage plays including a role as Dorothy in *The Wizard Of Oz*. She may look as demure as Dorothy, but underneath those batting eyelids is a mind like a meteorite.

"Appearing in *Penthouse*," she says, "is something I've wanted to do since I was little. I believe the nude body is something really beautiful." In her case no description could be more apt. She keeps her stunning 36-24-34 figure in trim with a rigorous regimen of aerobics.

fREEZE fRAME•

Nothing can prepare the visitor for Antarctica's mindblowing beauty and nothing, it seems, can save it.

Imagine you have painted an entire wall in purest white. You leave it to dry, and when you return you find a single greasy fingerprint in the centre of it. It's tiny by comparison with the wall, but of course you can't take your eyes from it.

Antarctica is like that. There are fingerprints all over it.

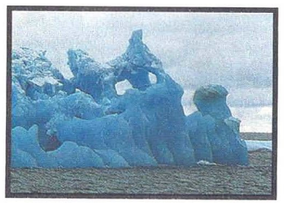
My equilibrium had returned. That was the first thing I noticed when the alarm went off at 5.30am. In the cramped bathroom I tried to wash away the after-effects of a powerful Russian seasickness drug with ice-cold water.

I looked at the red cocoon of the survival suit hanging on the cabin wall and thought it was a bit over the top for a quick stroll on the deck. It was summertime, after all. So I went for the second option: fur-lined boots, two pairs of socks, thermal underwear, Gautex ski-pants, two woollen jumpers, two pairs of gloves, a balaclava and an old overcoat. I stopped myself from looking out the porthole; I wanted to go for the Big Hit.

The corridor was full of aged Americans, all dressed like me, their shiny rich faces glowing with anticipation. Some had little chemical patches stuck behind their ears. The drug scapalomine, better known as "truth serum", has become the ultimate seasickness antidote. It appears to dry out your mouth and simultaneously make you talk a great deal about yourself. In many cases the latter symptom never wore off.

At the top of the stairs to A Deck stood the Russian doctor. He'd been up all night as the ship pitched and heaved through the Drake Passage, which produces some of the roughest seas in the world. He'd been working on his latest patient — a Japanese video camera. The operation, including the transplant of some Soviet parts, had been a huge success and the bedraggled figure resembled Christian Barnard after a hard slog in someone's chest cavity. I bade him good day and stumbled on to the deck.

I'd read the books, seen the photographs and the films, spoken to old hands . . . but nothing had prepared me for this. We were in a millpond channel swarming with huge tabular icebergs — flat-topped chunks of ice, some of them miles long. The orange light of a rising sun was before us, casting a glow over the whole scene. On either side ice mountains receded into the mist. Our ship was edging past a giant tabular berg well over ten times its own size. It seemed that every fissure, crack or angle absorbed light and shadow. Everywhere I looked there were icebergs like this, and just beneath the surface the irridescent blue that hinted at their immensity. Yet they moved through the water without a ripple.



In this constantly changing landscape we puny humans seemed like bacteria in a giant organism. The people around me simply stood as I did, their mouths open in fixed grins that seemed to be frozen in place. ANTARCTICA. I was in love with the place.

What strikes you when you first see Antarctica is an echo — an instinctive memory, perhaps — of a primitive past where nothing on the planet had been tamed, fenced in and made safe.

Here are some facts to help put it into perspective. Antarctica is more than one and a half times the size of Australia. It's the largest island on the globe and for most of the year it's surrounded by a floating barrier of pack ice — frozen sea that's larger in area than the continent itself. It's the coldest place on earth with a record low of −69°C and the windiest with speeds of up to 320 km/h. Those

WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY JONES

murderous gales are known as katabatic winds, which sweep off the glaciers and often build quickly into blizzards. The continent is blanketed by a sheet of ice that covers 12 million square kilometres. That's solid ice, 4500 metres thick at its deepest.

The ice sheet itself is constantly growing and moving towards its outer edges on the coastal margins of the continent. At those edges the huge chunks of ice we know as icebergs break off and float away. It's estimated the annual shedding of icebergs is roughly equal in volume to half the amount of fresh water used in the world each year.

The intricate way this ice sheet affects the world's climate is only now being unravelled by scientists. As yet no-one really knows exactly how critical it is to our own lives, and we're likely to work that out the hard way because the heating of the Earth's atmosphere due to the Greenhouse Effect will have a fundamental impact on Antarctica.

As the Greenhouse gases gather in the atmosphere the ice cap will be destabilised, causing bigger and bigger icebergs to break away. It was reported only this year that an iceberg the size of the Australian Capital Territory had detached itself from the continent, and some are suggesting the meltdown has already started.

About 3000 tourists visit Antarctica each year. We'd joined the Russian cruise ship *Antonina Neshdonova* in Ushuaia in Tierra Del Fuego, the southern-most town in the world at the bottom of South America, from where the Antarctic peninsula is a surprisingly short two-day sail.

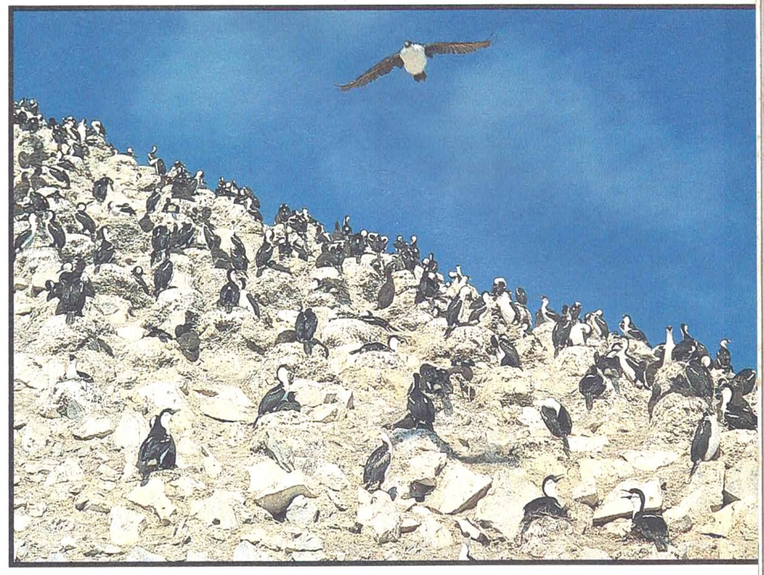
By midday we found ourselves in a crowd of moist-nosed, mostly rich, mostly American tourists bouncing around in multiple layers of clothing and life-jackets like colorful ten-pins. There was a pioneering optimism in the old eyes that peaked out through the scarves and balaclavas. It was bitterly cold. Grey clouds had rolled in, the seas were choppy and we were about to leap into a fleet of rubber duckies with what looked like a crew of escapees from an Ivy League convalescent home. I secretly wondered if I'd have the guts (or the money) to embark on such a trip in my late 60s.

When the call came we hustled into the first Zodiac with our film gear and half a dozen of the most fragile-looking polar explorers you could ever hope to meet. One old dear, reminiscent of Katherine Hepburn playing *On Golden Pond*, let out a great hoot and we set out for shore through the chop.

Our destination was Elephant Island, where Sir Ernest Shackleton's ill-fated cross-polar expeditioners were stranded for a year in 1915 after their ship was trapped in pack ice and crushed. They managed to survive under an upturned lifeboat while Shackleton, himself in an open boat, set off for help. The island is nothing but a bleak ice-covered rock. Its redeeming feature is wildlife: penguins, seals and birds.

Our Zodiac would test landing possibilities on the nearest beach about two kilometres away. It would be, we were told, a "high-intensity landing." In other words, the boat would go in backwards so that it could be gunned straight back out if the waves were too big.

As we neared the shore the intensity level moved up a few decibels when we saw the size of the waves hitting the beach. We were all doing calculations about the length of time a human could survive immersed in Antarctic water, and halving that figure for our elderly cargo, when the first wave reared up behind us.



Before the Hepburn type had time for another hoot the wave broke over the back of her head, throwing her and her brittle companions into the centre of the boat with our floating film gear. The force drove the boat closer to the shore until the over-revving outboard started churning up rocks.

The huge Chilean Zodiac driver was watching the next wave when the motor snapped off its mooring and he almost went over the side hanging on to it with one hand. Had he not been able to wrestle it back to the surface, the next wave would have likely tossed us all into the drink.

But in a boatload of dicky hearts not one gave up the ghost — a tribute to apple pie, Coca Cola and fancy American doctors. The pioneering spirit was alive in Antarctica.

But it's testimony, too, to the obvious risks of Antarctic tourism, not only to tourists but to the environment. While our fortunate expedition was sashaying through the icebergs on the ship of fools, munching Russian caviar on the poop deck, the Argentine supply ship *Bahai Paraiso* ran up on to rocks, unleashing its cargo of South American tourists and crude oil into the surrounding area. In this case the tourists were easier to deal with than the oil, which is likely to cause problems for decades. Scientists at the nearby American base called it an unparalleled tragedy.

It was indeed, and also a pointer to greater tragedies to come if oil companies are ever allowed to put drills down in Antarctica as they have in Alaska, where the latest disaster may never be repaired. Nor was it any comfort to us to learn that, on two previous occasions, ships chartered by this same company had run aground in Antarctica and had been evacuated. The queasy feeling was compounded by one of the Soviet officers on board who informed us in an apparent fit of *glasnost* that our cruise ship should not be nudging through the ice at all. Indeed, it should not even *be* in Antarctica, "because if we hit even a small piece of this ice that will make a hole in the hull for sure."

There's been a degree of irresponsible adventuring in this sensitive place that makes you cringe when you remember how much fun it all was.

But if tourists have brought problems, it's mainly been due to bad planning and on the plus side of the equation, each boatload that makes it back is another boatload committed to saving this pristine environment from the larger dangers it faces.

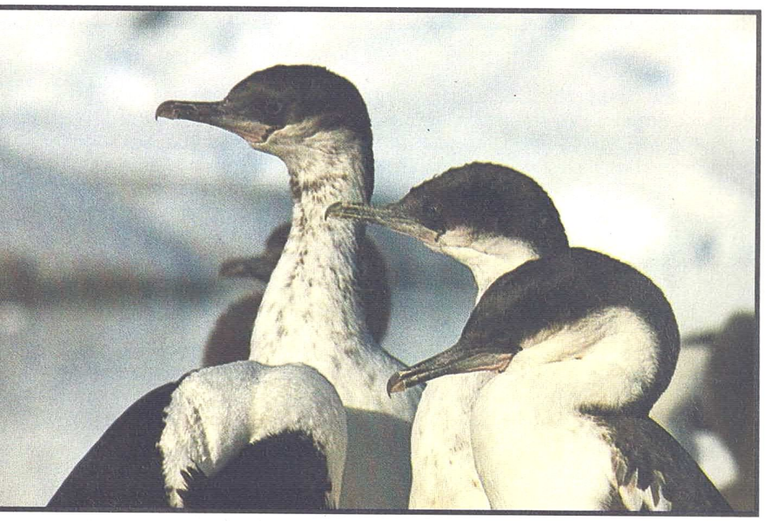
One night, when it was about 11pm but still fully light, the Chilean Zodiac driver Rene took our film crew to his favorite place — a place he won't take tourists simply because he doesn't want them there. It was a bay full of sculpted icebergs, each about as big as a two-storey house but formed into exquisite shapes by wind and water.

As we puttered through channels overhung with great arms of ice we came across

a small, flat berg on which two large leopard seals were sleeping. Rene motioned us to be quiet as he brought the boat up beside them until it lightly bumped the ice. "They've been known to jump into boats and attack people," he said. They came awake as the film camera started rolling and we were at touching distance when the larger of the two raised his huge head and opened his eyes to regard us languidly. We sat like that for some time, staring into the eyes of this wild thing.

Looking around, it was easy to believe we were the only humans to have ever been in this alien place.

It's an experience that doesn't translate easily into words, but as we left Rene began to talk. "Ten years ago you would go to Hope Bay, which is an Argentinian base, and they had a small house — 15 men living there — and the house was sitting right in the middle of a colony of penguins. Nowadays it's a small town. You arrive there and there are no penguins to be seen anywhere. The people sent there are mostly military personnel with no knowledge and no regard at all for wildlife, for the conservation of Antarctica. They come down to Antarctica just to earn big money. That's all they care about."



Later we heard that among these visitors are engineers specialising in pipeline technology. Argentina, like many other countries, is preparing for the exploitation of the last continent.

In the United States a leading oil man has estimated there may be as much as 50 to 60 billion barrels of crude oil in the Ross and Weddell Seas off the continent.

Activities in Antarctica are governed by the Antarctic Treaty and the nations who are signatories have proposed a convention, known as the Wellington Minerals Convention, which would allow mining to go ahead with strict environmental guidelines. But the flouting of such guidelines in the Arctic has made people stop and think of the awesome task of cleaning up any sort of oil spill in Antarctic conditions. Environmentalists raise the spectre of such a spill just before winter, when it would be virtually impossible to do anything but watch it spread through rookeries and wildlife sanctuaries. But those nations like Australia which claim territory in Antarctica have the right of veto over the convention.

As the environmental consequences of mining become clearer an argument is growing that Antarctica should never be mined. Rather, it should be permanently protected as a pristine wilderness by an entirely new convention, overseen perhaps by the United Nations. A gift, you might say, from our generation to future generations of humans.

At the time of writing the situation was far from resolved. Of the seven claimant nations — Australia, France, the UK, New Zealand, Chile, Norway and Argentina — only Australia and France had indicated they would prefer to protect Antarctica from mining forever. Prime Minister Hawke had just returned from a world tour in which he pushed hard for abandonment of the mining convention, but ran into opposition both in the UK and the US. Although the US is not a claimant nation it is a "consultative party" to the original Antarctic Treaty and is likely to have a lot of influence over other countries on this issue. But Australian officials, disappointed at the British and American reactions, don't yet concede that the concept of an international reserve of Antarctica is a lost cause.

As film-makers it was with great sadness that we viewed the consequences of even the limited human impact on Antarctica up until now.

There are now some 69 national bases scattered throughout the continent and its offshore islands. That may not seem like so many in such a vast place, but you have to bear in mind that less than two percent of the continent is ice-free and it's in those areas that most of the activity takes place.

It's in those areas, too, that you find the rookeries and breeding grounds of the animals and birds that inhabit the continent, so there's automatically competition for space between them and us. The environmental record of those bases is abysmal.

In a place called (for obvious reasons) Paradise Bay in the Antarctic Peninsula we came across one of the many abandoned bases which can be found scattered throughout Antarctica. It was a Chilean base named, appropriately enough, after a general, Gonzalez Videl. Hundreds of oil barrels lay about the place dripping a trail of sludge down into the bay. The penguins which had once claimed this area as a breeding ground had returned to claim it again. It was a pathetic sight to see them struggling through the oil and nesting amongst all manner of human waste, from coiled wire to broken glass, in a virtual sea of rubbish left by the departing Chilean military.

Greenpeace has an annual program of monitoring pollution from Antarctic bases. Early this year they made another visit to the giant US base at McMerdo Sound and collected seven drums of liquid waste that was being poured directly into McMerdo Sound. The drums contained high levels of cadmium, which would be illegal to dump in the United States.

The intrepid protesters put up banners outside the Antarctic headquarters of the US National Science Foundation, which is responsible for the base, and harangued them with loud hailers for several hours. Other environmental lobbyists in the States are equally concerned. Robert Mannheim, spokesman for the powerful Washington-based Environmental Defence Fund, told us that a 1983 study of the waters off McMerdo base showed that:

"At this base, as well as a number of other Antarctic bases, laboratory chemicals, many of which are toxic, are simpy discharged into Antarctic waters. PCBs (polychlorinated-bithenyls) and heavy metals, specifically lead and cadmium, make those waters more heavily polluted than virtually any waterway in the United States.

"It's particularly ironic to us that scientific research installations and scientists there to study this pristine laboratory are doing in Antarctica what they can't do in the most heavily polluted parts of the United States."

In the summer months McMerdo Station has the look of a frontier town with up to 1500 occupants. Until 1972 it had its own nuclear power station, known affectionately as "Nukey Poo." The reactor had a history of shutdowns and leakages that made it an international embarrassment until finally it was decided to take it back to the States for burial, along with 101 drums of radioactive earth.

In fact it took another six years before the site was declared "clean", and then only after another 11,000 cubic metres of soil were removed.

Then there's the French, who've been merrily blasting a group of islands together near their base of Dumont d'Urville to build an airstrip, and in the process running penguins out of their rookeries and thumping Greenpeace protesters who get in the way. And the Japanese, whose whalers have promised to triple their take of Minke whales for so-called "scientific" purposes next year, following controversy when Greenpeace intercepted a "factory ship" and put its own vessel between that ship and the catcher boats bringing whales back to it.

Meanwhile, both the Russian and Japanese fishing fleets are harvesting krill, the shrimp-like crustaceans that provide the staple diet for virtually all forms of Antarctic wildlife and are the integral link in the food chain.

Mike Donahue, an expert from the New Zealand Department of Fisheries, observes: "What appears to be happening is that there's an increasing market for krill for human consumption and in order to do that the animals have to be peeled and processed very quickly, so that the trawlers are targetting large female krill, which evidently provide the best taste." The only problem is that if you take out large quantities of mature females you exponentially reduce the breeding stock and the size of the krill swarms that so many creatures rely on for survival.

The human threats to Antarctica are so many and so varied that you could easily despair about the possibility of actually doing anything about it. But we live in an age where relative world peace has given us a breathing space to take a good look at what we're doing to the planet, and many people have been horrified by what they've seen. Whether or not we're able to save the last great wilderness from exploitation could be a litmus test for our own survival as a species.

I was lying in my cabin when a message came over the loudspeaker. The deck watch had spotted a strange iceberg off in the distance and we were going to investigate. With practised ease I threw on the standard 30 layers of clothing and headed for the deck. Our film crew was set up on one of the wings by the time I got there. Already quite close by was an extraordinary blue iceberg. Not just blue but irridescent blue, and cut by the wind into a floating work of art replete with minarets and hollows.

The cameras buzzed and clicked, churning through film at an unprecedented rate. Even the old hands had seen nothing like it. The color of the ice suggested it had been immensely compressed, probably for a period of a million years.

As the ship slowly traversed across the face of the iceberg, which was three or four times its own size, we saw a huge splash from one side, then another and another across the front of it until it was obvious that enormous slices of blue ice were cleaving away from its surface.

People yelled at each other in disbelief. Then, as we watched, the whole thing sort of groaned and began to roll over as if it were alive.

An American woman beside me screamed: "Oh my God, it's awesome." Her words were captured on tape as we filmed and will be linked forever with this remarkable piece of footage.

We feared a wave would hit us and the ship began pulling away at full speed, but the disintegration of the iceberg happened as if in slow motion. It cracked completely and fell apart, with great pieces of ice opening like petals, then sliding into the sea until there was nothing left but a pile of blue rubble on the surface.

That event seems to me a simple and powerful symbol of this extraordinary place, Antarctica, whose fragile beauty is balanced on a knife-edge between preservation and destruction.

"My dream has finally come true," sighs 22-year-old Claudia Kleiner of her *Penthouse* premiere. A hairstylist of models and actors, she says, "Now I can take my turn in front of the camera and see how the other half lives!" When she's not working, the West German beauty turns her attention to her collection of exotic flowers. "There's something magical about a new bud about to burst," she says.

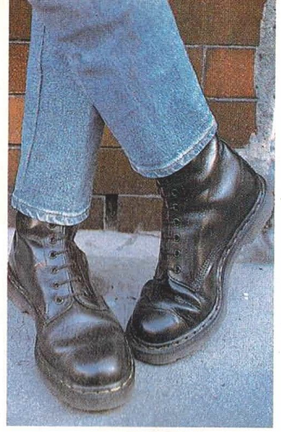
PHOTOGRAPHY BY JON HARROLL

RARE BLOOM

"Of course, some of my wildest times are spent indoors," confides the 36-23-36 *fraulein*. "I once spent a whole afternoon in the cellar of my boyfriend's parents' home, making love with him on a workbench! However, any man in my life must understand that my greatest satisfaction comes from giving of myself. If he's unable to share me, he's losing out on what only I could give him!"

the afflicted

WORDS AND PHOTOGRAPHS BY WAYNE MILES



Twenty minutes before the gig. A massed contingent of Skinheads has taken over the cobblestoned market place fronting The Marquis Of Granby, local pub in the normally peaceful town of Burslem in the English Midlands. Their harmless football songs have now given way to more menacing stuff. The war cry "SKINHEAD! SKINHEAD!" resounds around the dark and dampened square.

The man they've come to see is Ian Stuart Donaldson, better known in Skinhead circles as Ian Stuart — lead singer and motivating force behind the country's premier white supremacy band, Screwdriver. Stuart and a dozen other disciples of Nazism, comprising the band and its eight-member security team, have made the four-hour trip from London crammed into a rented van. As the van pulls up next to the pub a sombre six-foot Skinhead named Nicci Crane leads a procession of hard-bitten footsoldiers inside. Crane's scalp is freshly shaved; his henchmen are less spectacularly bald. But their steel-capped Doc Marten boots, braces and bomber jackets adorned with Celtic crosses leave no doubt as to their loyalties.

"Oi, we're Screwdriver's security," Crane informs an incredulous barman who's obviously unaware that the man addressing him is regarded throughout this subterranean culture as the meanest, toughest Skinhead of them all. "Any aggro, you see me. Right?" The barman nods, then watches apprehensively as the area in front of the stage starts to fill up with the sort of people he would normally cross the road to avoid.

Makeshift stalls have been assembled around the room for the sale of *Blood And Honour*, a fanzine for followers of Britain's newest Facist organisation. There's also a brisk trade in sew-on Swastikas and banned albums whose covers routinely depict Ku Klux Klan figures brandishing burning crosses or heavy Norse warriors thrusting through clouds looking to bash somebody.

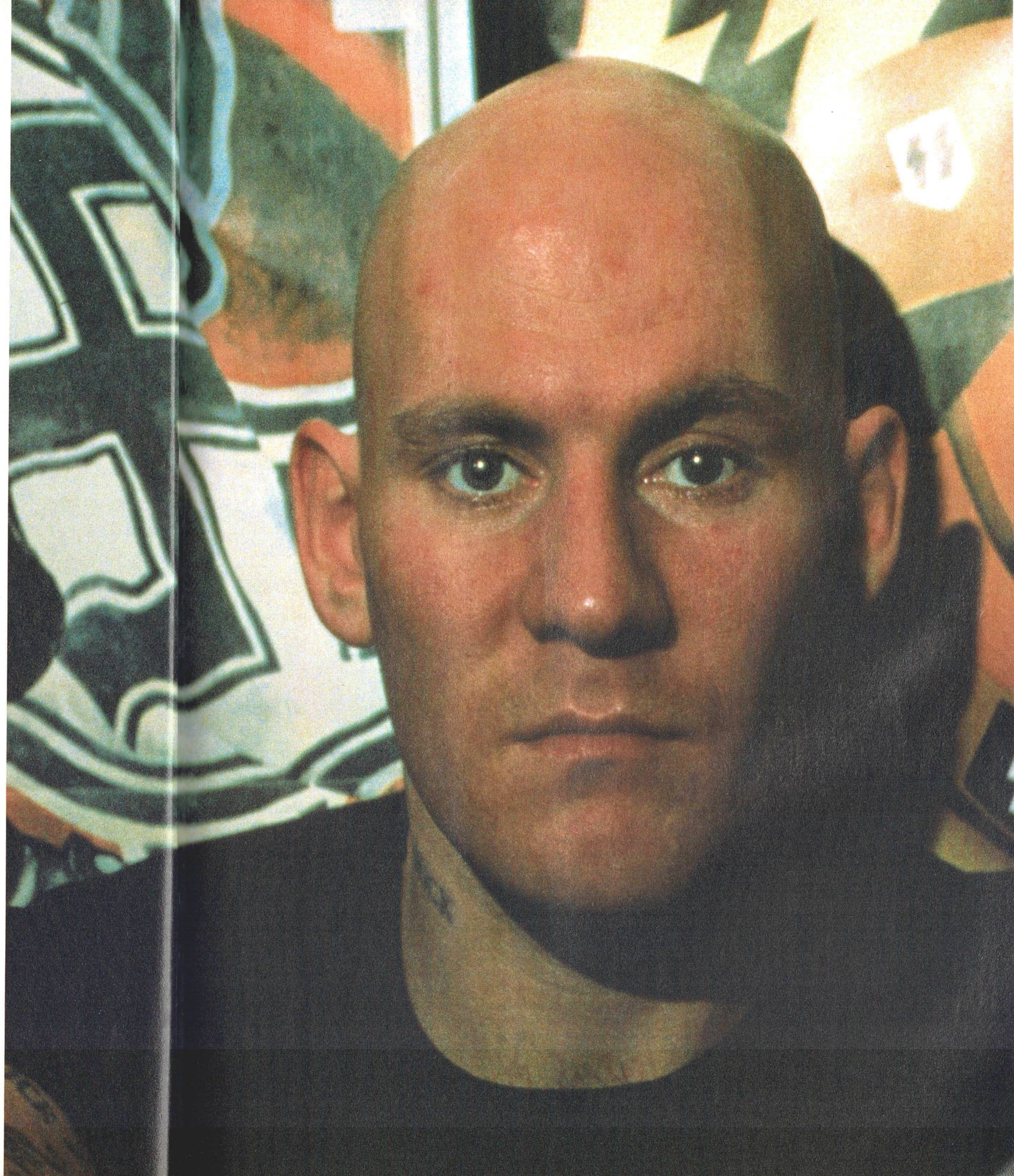
The scene triggers memories of the incense and bead stalls that used to be set up by hippies at Grateful Dead concerts staged at the legendary Fillmore East on the other side of the Atlantic. Every subculture has its paraphernalia. But there are other links between Skinheads and the Woodstock generation. Most of the heavily tattooed audience here have bought their gear

Are Britains growing skinhead gangs redundant drones or the voice of the future?

from Carnaby Street — centre of psychedelic fashion in the Sixties, punk paraphernalia in the Seventies, and Skinhead militaria in the late Eighties. The Skins are anti-fashion trendsetters in Thatcher's Britain.

But images of Carnaby Street in the Swinging Sixties quickly vanish when Ian Stuart takes the stage. He swaggers up to the microphone and makes a last-minute appeal: "Everybody says there's fucking trouble every time we play. Tonight we'll prove those Red commie bastards wrong."

"SIEG HEIL! SIEG HEIL! SIEG HEIL!" comes the frenzied response from the crowd. Nazi salutes club the air. Screwdriver explodes into the first number as Nicci Crane's enforcers move into the stage area. Crane indicates to one of his men to keep a watch on the Hitler Youth Movement members moving through a sea of gyrating crewcuts. The Hitler Youth



Far left, At top: Screwdriver security. You'd be mad to try and mix it with these lads. Far left, At bottom: Brothers in arms. At Screwdriver gigs skinheads often turn the dance floor into a battlefield. Left: This heavily tattooed skinhead at central London's Wellington pub doesn't have great career prospects.

the afflicted

are closely aligned with the Skins — no-one who wasn't would dare to be hanging around here — but they're especially violent types and have to be monitored closely.

The decibels pumped out by Screwdriver instantly whip the audience into delirium. Stuart cries "Life is just a struggle" as the band launches into "The Way It's Got To Be", a track from their new album *Blood And Honour*. The music is neither punk nor heavy metal; more an indescribable mix of rock and rockability played at staggering volume. The Skinheads turn the dance floor into a mock combat zone as they jump on top of one another and feint-bash each other. They call it slam dancing.

"We'll speak our minds, We'll fly our flags, We'll fight for victory and we'll just keep on fighting, That's the way it's got to be." Stuart now screaming his anthem from the stage. He's lived those lines for the past ten years, the scars around his head attesting to the countless times he's been ambushed by groups of Marxists, the smouldering countenance a sign of the emotional turmoil he suffered as a political prisoner in Waylands for six months during 1986. For those on the far left of the political spectrum Stuart has the status of legend, a modern-day Attila The Hun. The Red Action and other splinter groups of the IRA (the Skins' greatest enemy on account of their socialist leanings and affiliations with black African nations) fear him and dare not attack him unless the odds are heavily in their favor.

Stuart formed Screwdriver 12 years ago after joining the infamous National Front and working as an organiser for them in Lancashire. He moved to London in 1982 and was voted on to the national ruling body of the country's leading Fascist organisation. He resigned last year when "it became clear they were softening their attitude towards race ideology."

Hence the birth of Blood And Honour — a movement firmly committed to the goal of white supremacy over the colored masses of post-punk Britain. Music is the major medium, *Mein Kampf* the message. On or off stage, Stuart's dedication to his Fuehrer's vision never falters. Screwdriver pumps out the propaganda for two more nerve-wracking hours.

The evening ends on a quiet note. No Skinhead in his right mind would dare to fuck with Nicci Crane and the other minders.

Drunken Skinheads file out into the cold, under the watchful eye of a strong contingent of constabulary — The Ole Bill — who hover under flickering lights on the other side of the road. It's been a good night — only one stabbing — and West Ham are playing at home on Saturday . . .

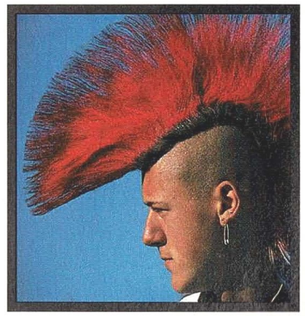
BROTHERS IN ARMS

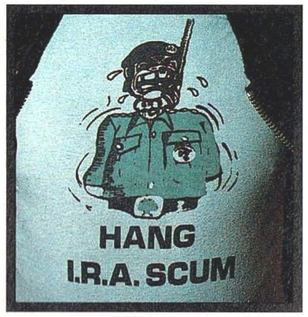
Right now in 1989 the Skinheads are the fastest-growing cult in Britain, in Europe, and in the US. And unlike their predecessors, the nihilistic, fashion-obsessed, basically irrelevant punks, Skinheads are not just alienated youths resorting to fashion shock tactics as a means of shaking up their elders. They are an increasingly organised and increasingly sophisticated political force. They are the grim by-product of postwar Labour immigration policies which allowed a flood of migrants from Pakistan, India and the West Indies into Britain, peaking in the Sixties and continuing through the Seventies. The subsequent Thatcher Revolution has opened up a yawning chasm between the haves and have-nots, providing a fertile breeding ground for racist zealots. The dole queues are rapidly transforming into large standing armies of strident disaffected white youth. The parallels with Germany in the Twenties and early Thirties are too obvious to ignore. Like it or not, Skinheads are the voice of tomorrow and Thatcher's Britain had better start taking notice.

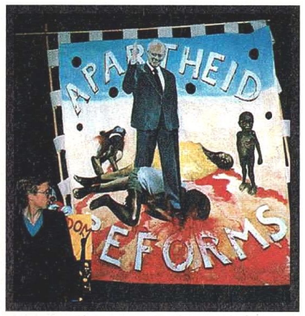
1988 and 1989 have been big years for neo-Nazi movements, Skinheads in particular. Reports of their activities started filtering back to Australia last year, when we saw them stirring up mayhem on the terraces at football matches and clambering into their coaches in the aftermath of Fascist National Front and British Movement demonstrations.

The first wave of Skinheads emerged back in the late Sixties in London and the cult was soon represented around the world. They adopted the close-shaven heads of the US Marines, wore tight rolled-up jeans and size 20 bovver boots, and launched sporadic attacks on drug users, non-whites and leftist groups. The movement faded shortly afterwards, dismissed as a temporary working class phenomenon. But here they are again — back in force, meaner, tougher and far more numerous than before, espousing a belief in white supremacy and backing it up with shows of brutality when they're not too busy drinking, fucking and generally enjoying themselves.

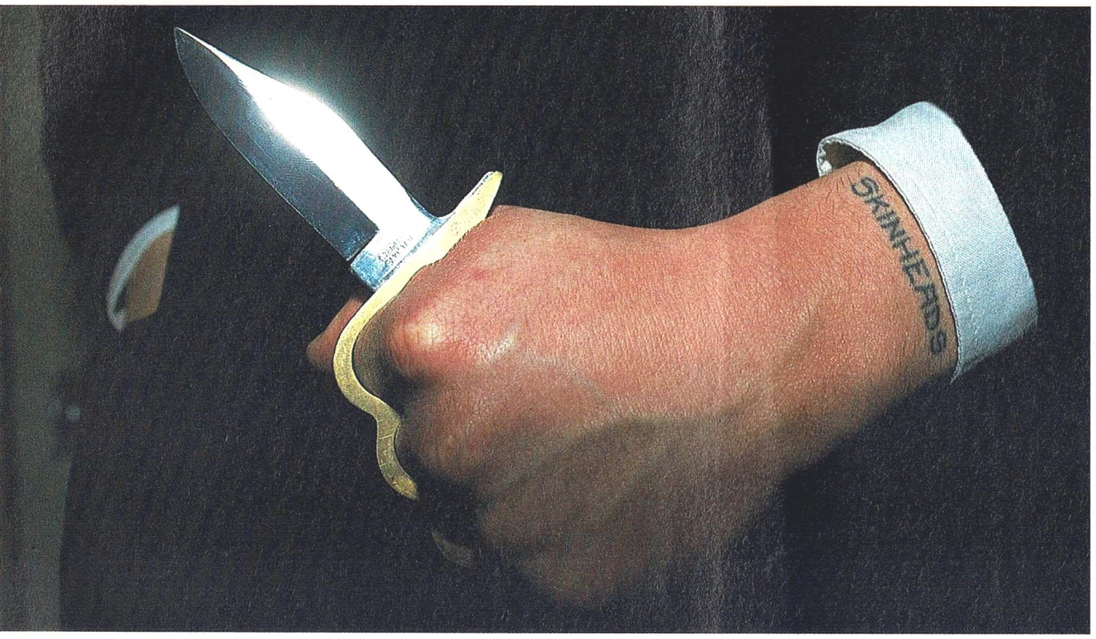
The new Skinheads, sporting heavily tattooed bodies and hedgehog hairdos, seem barely old enough to remember the original cult following. But remember they do, and at a time when good old-fashioned teenage rebellion is being so heavily

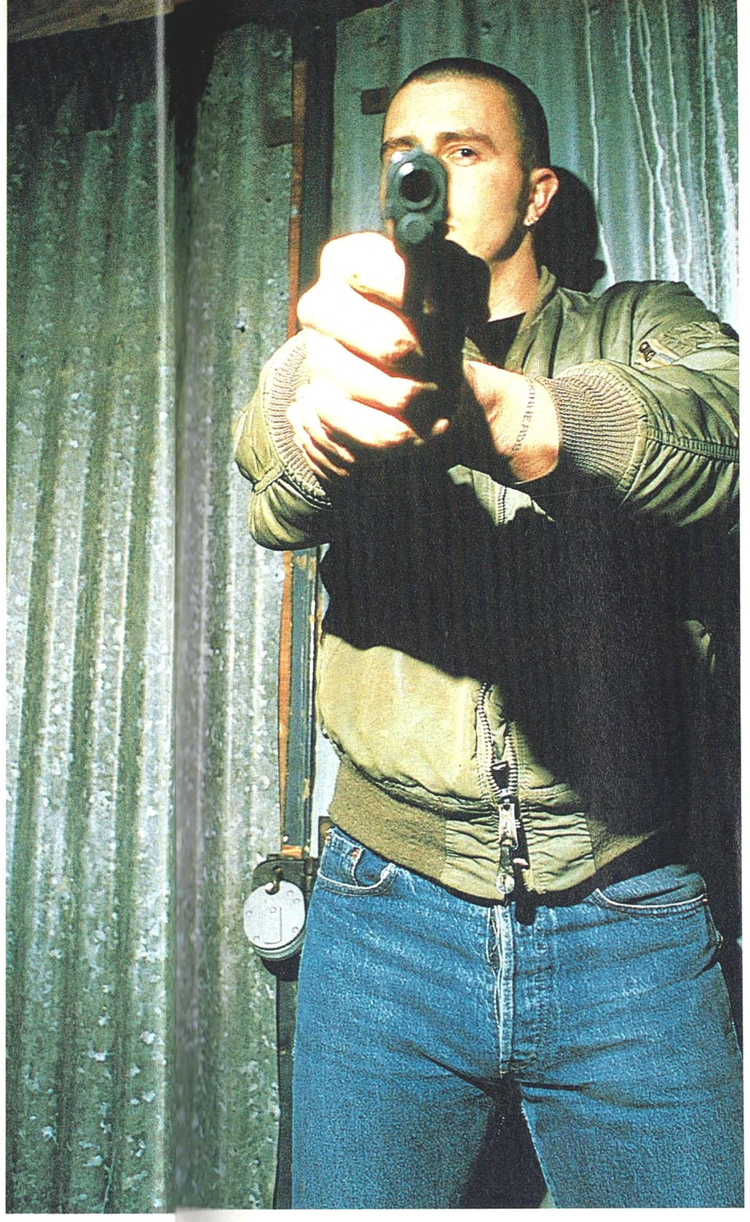


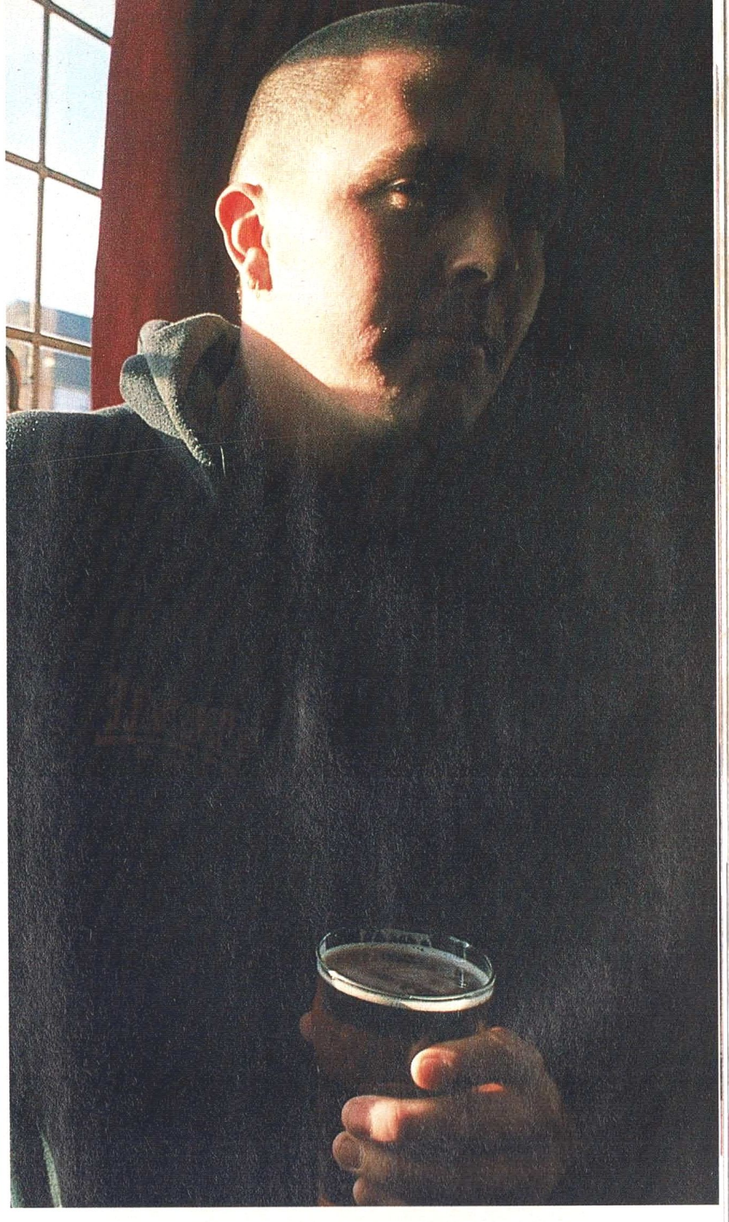




Above left: The new skinheads hate punks and vice versa. Middle and right: They don't like the IRA or Marxists either. Below: One of the skinheads' favorite streetfighting weapons is the stabber/knuckle-duster combination. Right: Some skins prefer heavier armament. Far right: Skinheads relax by enjoying a quiet pint at the local.







the afflicted

commercialised and intellectualised, the ideology of hatred has strong appeal. They're uncomplicated creatures, ardent football followers and enthusiastic brawlers for clubs like West Ham and Chelsea. Most are aligned to the far right of politics, actively supporting Fascist organisations such as the British Movement and the newly established Blood And Honour. The robot armies of Skins have hammered their way throughout Europe, haunting all the major cities and growing in numbers exponentially. Authorities can't put a figure on the stormtroopers' strength, but are fully aware that they've forged links everywhere with neo-Nazi extremists who share their fanatical hatred of Jews, Asians and Blacks.

Skinhead gangs are now only distinguishable by accents, all tribes favoring close-shaven heads and crisp, clean military-style garb: flight jackets in green and black adorned with Swastikas and Celtic crosses, along with the evil trademark, the steel-capped bovver boots.

The thing that distinguishes them from the original Skinheads is their level of organisation. They hold rallies in large towns and cities, usually in the form of massed congregations moving rapidly through the streets and whipping up racist hysteria, as far as possible, among the populace. They hold frequent concerts and organised sales of Skinhead gear. But their activities are necessarily hit-and-run affairs: rallies are banned because they violate laws against inciting racial hatred, and police move quicly to bust them up; concerts by bands like Screwdriver are not outlawed, but huge chains of hotels have issued a blanket ban because they ordinarily result in havoc when outfits like Red Action clash with the National Front; and while the sale of Skinhead paraphernalia is still legal in Carnaby Street, activists are seeking to have racist T-shirts and the like outlawed and authorities find ways to harass the vendors.

But the neo-Nazis have ways of getting the message across. Blood And Honour has in every large English city its team of mobile violent minders to ensure that leftist agitators don't ruin their propaganda shows. And in the US a network of contacts in groups like the Ku Klux Klan helps recruit thousands of followers.

Under the new order, look out if you're Black, Asian, Jewish, a punk, a leftist activist, a peace campaigner, or simply a human being. The Brothers are back in arms, and Hitler's birthday was merely the beginning.

THE ENFORCER

In the past 20 years England has watched its national sport being devastated by hooligans, particularly neo-Nazis and Skinheads. Accounts of "Paki-bashing" and "Nigger-hunting" regularly accompany match reports in the Sunday papers. Racist hatred has reached fever pitch among sections of British youth, and there are no signs of detente. The likes of Mr Nicci Crane see to that.

A perusal of Crane's meticulously kept scrapbook — his treasured possession, never previously shown to a journalist — reinforces the unanimous view that this man is the meanest Skinhead alive.

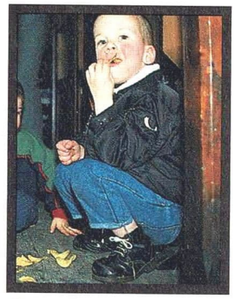
Accounts of 30-year-old Crane's exploits go back to 1978. In June that year he was involved in a clash between 150 Skinheads and a community of colored migrants in London's East End. The Skins, armed with bricks, bottles and knives and chanting racist slogans, stormed into Brick Lane a dozen deep. Asian and African families ran for their lives while the mob demolished everything in their path. No charges were laid.

In 1980 Crane was branded by a judge at the Old Bailey as "worse than an animal" and sentenced to 12 months imprisonment in Britain's most secure jail, Albany, on the Isle of Wight. The crime: an unprovoked attack on a black family at a bus stop, using bottles, fists and feet. Another clipping, dated June '81, describes how Crane led fellow Skinheads into battle against 300 colored youths arriving at Arsenal's Woolwich Station. A furious punch-up with the local constabulary ensued, leaving several police officers seriously injured. When they were finally arrested, Crane and close aide "Mad' Matt Morgan reportedly screamed from the paddy wagon: "Fuck me, they're only black. That's fucking nice, ain't it? Whites nicking whites!" He got four years for that one.

When sentence was passed in the Old Bailey the gallery was crammed with Crane's henchmen, who greeted the judge with shouts of "SIEG HEIL!" The verdict ended Crane's days as North Kent organiser and Leader Guard of the ultra-Fascist British Movement and lead singer for the band The Afflicted. According to him, The Afflicted was the first band to sing Nazi songs in British concert halls. "Everyone was too fucking scared to do anything about it, and thousands were there to support us." One concert in Millwall attracted 200,000 on the strength of the slogan: "If only for one magic moment,

SEIG HEIL! SEIG HEIL! SEIG HEIL!

THE NEXT



GENERATION?

the afflicted

everyone wants to be afflicted."

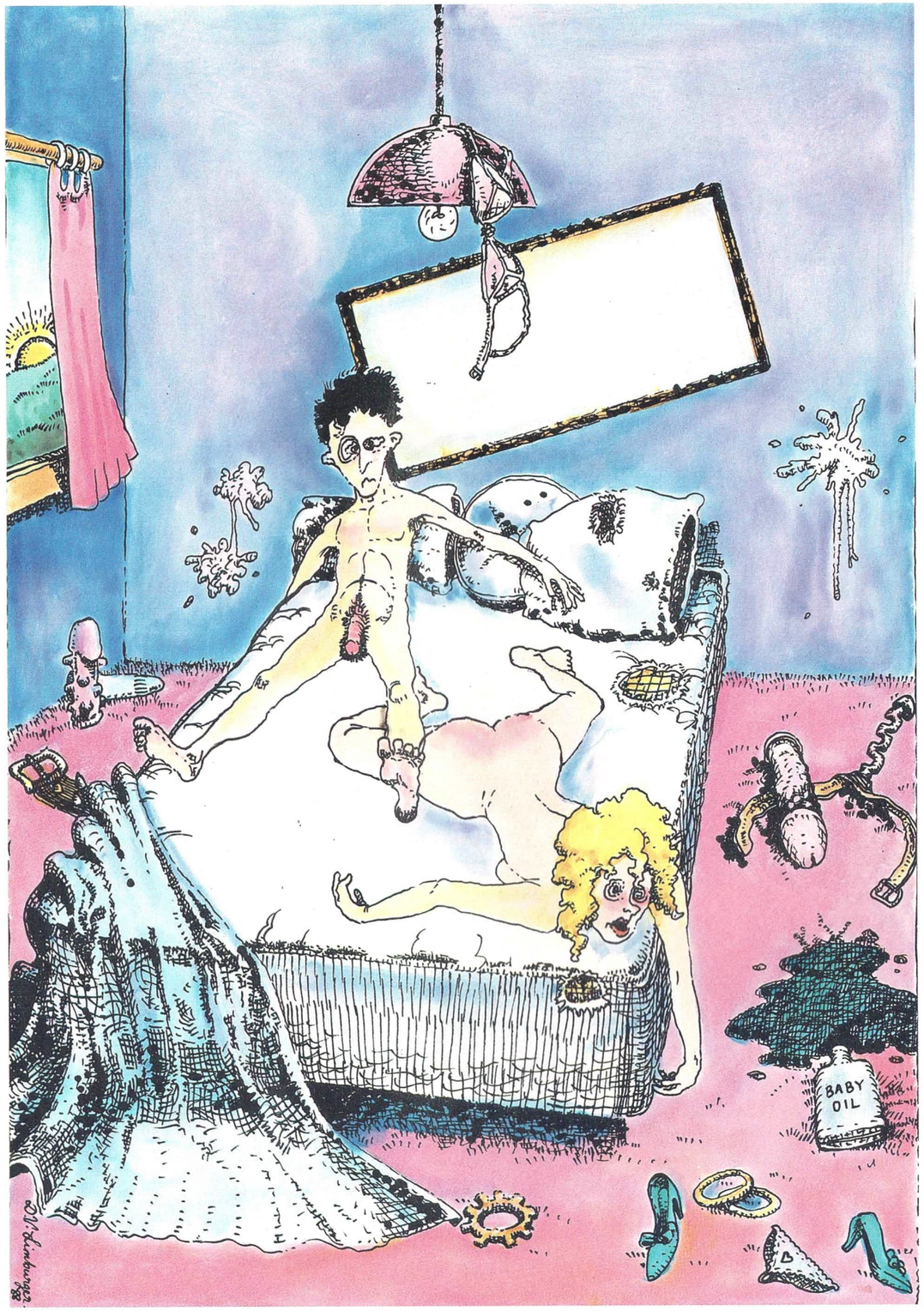
In 1983, while doing his time, Crane seriously injured five prison officers with a hot plate in protest at their decision to lock one of his mates in solitary confinement. Once outside he lost no time returning to the fray, leading a series of violent actions in the company of the "Boot Boys", the National Front's "instant response unit" whose task was to organise rallies, act as minders, be around in the event of trouble, and bash anyone who looked like getting in the way.

Nicci Crane's scrapbook is as swollen as any of the heads he's kicked, but he's probably most infamous for the mayhem that arose when he and a Skins gang attacked the Greater London Council gig for the unemployed in Jubilee Gardens on the Thames riverside. The Skins ripped into the two bands on stage, smashing them and their equipment before taking hold of the microphones and screaming racists slogans at the furious crowd of 20,000. Incredibly, they then jumped from the stage and punched their way out. No police action was taken.

Asked about his role in Ian Stuart's Blood And Honour movement, Crane responds that the ideology is "based on what Adolf Hitler believed in. It's as simple as that. He is our spiritual leader and we carry his message as strongly and as far as we can. There will eventually be a race war. We will have to be strong enough in numbers to win. If necessary we will die to keep this country white and pure . . . SIEG HEIL!"

Nicci Crane's attitudes and beliefs — far more menacing than anything put forward by Anthony Burgess in *A Clockwork Orange* — don't seem radically out of step with the general air of desperation and division that Thatcherism has created in Britain. Crane and Ian Stuart are still travelling with the minority, but their methodology and ideology are being supported at an alarming rate. Bands like No Remorse, Brutal Attack, Vengeance and Sudden Impact are springing up all over the place.

It's interesting, if somewhat chilling, to speculate that if the racist youth of Britain had not decided to adopt the repulsive trappings of Nazism their appeal would probably extend to much larger sections of British society. Like it or not, this is an inherently racist country; but at this point, at least among the older ranks, memories of the war are a potent counter to Nazi ideology. With the old getting older and the young getting angrier, how long can we expect that situation to last? ○—

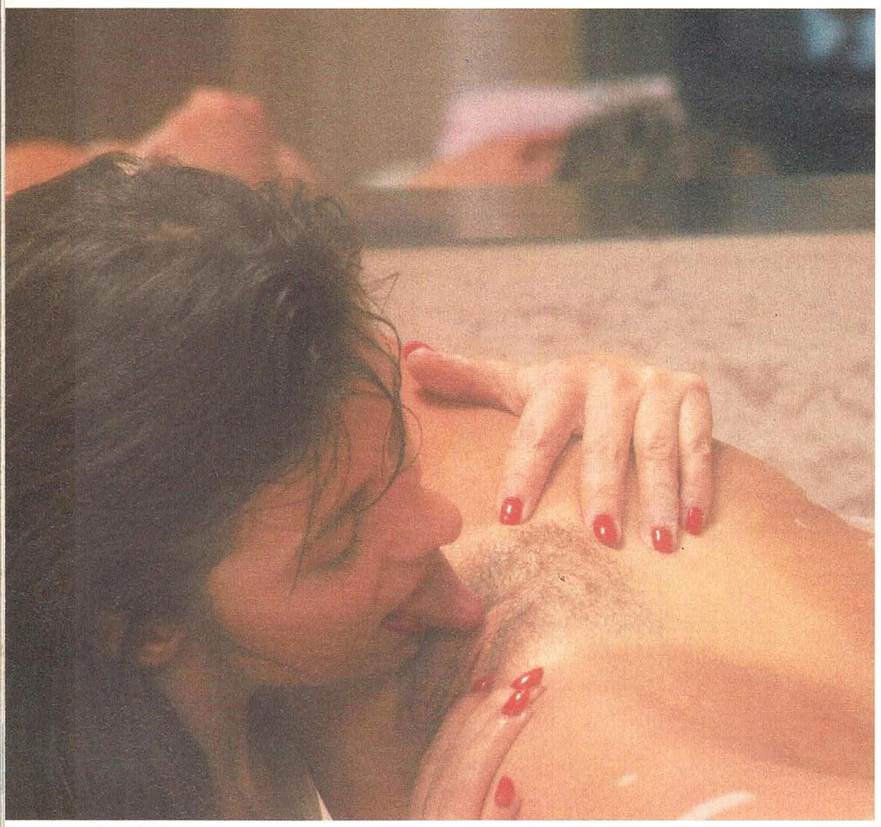


". . . Next time I'm buying decaffeinated coffee . . ."

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL MURPHY

GOOD CLEAN FUN

Susan and Janet had been next-door neighbors for years, but lately their friendship had blossomed into something more. So far only a few furtive kisses had been exchanged, but they both knew from the look in each other's eyes that it was only a question of time.

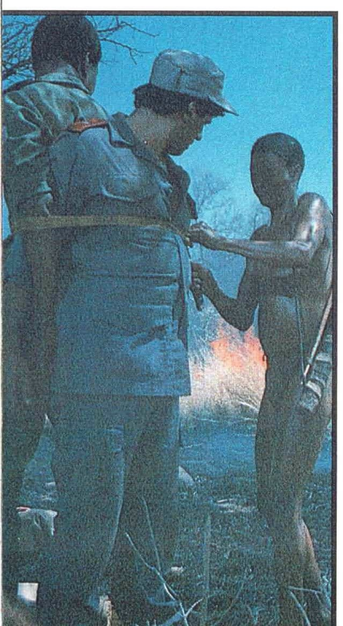


Tonight, Susan arrived at Janet's as she was soaping herself in the bath. When Janet stripped and jumped in, Susan knew they were in for some steamy scenes. They fell immediately into a slippery embrace and from that moment their inhibitions burst like bubbles. They cleaned, soaped and sprayed every pore of each other's body. Taking a bath would never be the same again. They both knew their adventures had only just begun.

FILM

BEATING AROUND THE BUSH

From the top: Dennis Quaid cruising in *Great Balls Of Fire*; Quaid as a jubilant Jerry Lee hits the keys; a tight moment in *The Gods Must Be Crazy*.



When someone can make an international box office success out of a no-budget film starring a three-foot Kalahari bushman and entitled something as unlikely as *The Gods Must Be Crazy*, he'd be, well, crazy to fool around with the formula in a sequel. South African film-maker Jamie Uys spent four years laboring on the smell of an oily rag to bring us that 1984 comic gem, and he's spent another four years to present us with its offspring, entitled — wait for it — **The Gods Must Be Crazy II**.

More power to him for realising he was on to a good thing and sticking to it and more luck to us, for *Gods II* is every bit as quirky, gentle, amusing, and, if I may use this word in macho company, "cute" as the original. (If you missed the original, go hire it on video and then try telling me that it wasn't funny as all hell and cute to boot — sort of *Pee Wee's Big African Adventure*, starring a midget black Pee Wee in a loincloth.)

Half-pint African bushman M!xau (and that's not a mis!print) reprises his role as Xixo, the, er, half-pint African bushman, and once again he acts as catalyst for the film's interwoven plot lines. More complex than its predecessor, *Gods II* brings together five stories, the most prominent being that of an American businesswoman and a game ranger stranded in the Kalahari after the crash of their light plane. The other stories — tales of ivory poachers, lost children and soldiers separated from their fighting unit — all converge against the desert backdrop to form a wonderfully amusing and unpretentious whole that, like the first *Gods*, is a welcome change from the standard ration of Hollywood comedy. Written and directed by Uys, *Gods II* may lack the utter surprise value of the first film, but still it would be a hard heart that would not be touched and tickled by it.

If ever there was a life story more tailored for a biographical film than the life of Jerry Lee Lewis, then please tell me and we'll both know. The legendary "Killer" has had more ups and downs than a jackrabbit on a pogostick — more ups and downs than can be encompassed in any one film (one that can be made while The Killer's still kicking, anyway). So before *that* film can be made, we may as well take what we get in **Great Balls Of Fire**, directed by Jim McBride (*The Big Easy*) and starring Dennis Quaid.

Great Balls is the story of The Early Years, taking us from the time when a nine-year-old Jerry Lee and his cousin, embryonic evangelist Jimmy Swaggert, become immersed in the theatre of Louisiana-style ol' time religion — Jimmy in the hellfire and brimstone of Pentecostalist preaching and Jerry more so in the pounding music that accompanied it. The boys' different paths through life thus sketched, we leap forward to the time when a 21-year-old, twice-married Jerry Lee begins experiencing his first recording success, with the release of "Crazy Arms" and "Whole Lotta Shakin'" — and begins feelin' a powerful hankerin' for his 13-year-old second cousin Myra Gail (played by Winona Ryder). His marriage to her, the subsequent career-shattering tour of England and the hostile reception back home are recreated, along with a plot line that sees Jerry Lee battling with and succumbing to the Power Of The Devil. We are left with the image of The Killer grinning wickedly at a screaming audience and announcing, "If ever a man was goin' to hell, then let him go playin' the piano," as he launches into a blistering rendition of "The Wild One."

Locations featured in the film include the interior of the legendary Sun Studios and Gracelands. As a bio-pic, *Great Balls Of Fire* notches in above the average mark, but given the real warts-and-all story of the man himself, a story known to any half serious fan of rock 'n' roll, it has to be noted that this film is decidedly lacking in both balls and fire.

Like *Gods Must Be Crazy II*, **The Bear** springs not from the mainstream but from more interesting bywaters. While not for everyone, this dramatic nature film (that is, a nature documentary-style film with a dramatic storyline) will surely appeal to fans of **Call Of The Wild** and films of that ilk. Directed by Jean-Jacques Annaud (*Quest For Fire*), it's the story of an orphaned bear cub's journey to maturity, spectacularly filmed amid majestic wilderness. A triumph, years in the making, etc, etc, it is heartily recommended for its lack of car chases alone.

Also on release this month is **Paris By Night**, a British noir thriller starring Charlotte Rampling as a conservative politician in the Thatcher mould who murders to conceal a secret past. Written and directed by David Hare (*Wetherby*) and also starring Michael Gambon (*The Singing Detective*), *Paris By Night* pivots on a couple of truly credibility-stretching coincidences, but for the calibre of its suprises and for its consistently menacing mood, it wins plaudits from this square-eyed turkey. — *C.J. Mackay*

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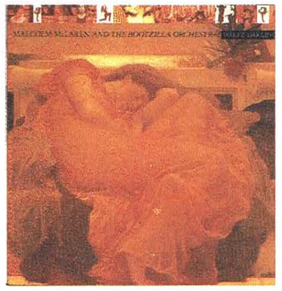
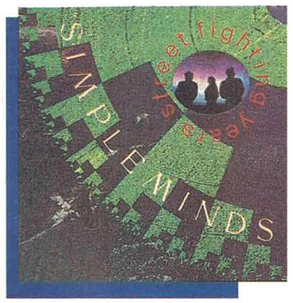
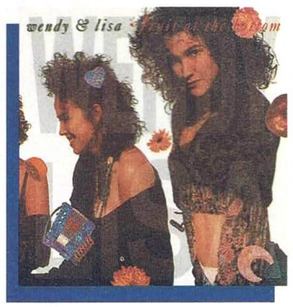
SOUNDS

THE HOUSE OF McLAREN



Clockwise from right: Vibes for fashion victims on Malcolm McLaren's eclectic Waltz Darling; Eloquent work from Neneh Cherry; Perky funk and sugar pop from Wendy And Lisa; Simple Minds in a mood of concern.





People plundering the classics for pop's disposable ends is nothing new, from the simple snitching of melodies to reinventing works as Emerson, Lake and Palmer did to Mussorgsky, and some unmentionable did to Beethoven in "A Fifth Of Beethoven." Irrepressible concept baron **Malcolm McLaren** has already done it to opera on *Fans*. Now he plunders the musical drawers of Tchaikovsky, Strauss and Lear and welds them to a James Brown inspired techno-groove as he invites us to *Waltz Darling* (CBS). McLaren begins this rampantly eclectic offering by letting Jeff Beck ("the Paganini of the guitar") have his way over the London Symphony, scratching out the "Blue Danube." Bootsy Collins thumps out his funky bass lines and McLaren "introduces" a brace of breathy, nubile singers and one Willy Ninja. Mr Ninja is pivotal to the dance ethic of this disc with his exposition of "Vogue Dancing" — a sort of mincing aerobics for catwalk expatriates. Apparently it's very *de rigeur* for New York clubheads who form nimble teams labelled "Houses" (as in the big fashion houses like Dior). A bold new spark of creative genius or a smart move to fleece money from fashion victims? McLaren falls happily (and knowingly) in the middle.

McLaren probably would like to be able to claim to have created **Neneh Cherry**. Her lineage includes idiosyncratic jazz trumpeter Don Cherry. The clarity of musical nous on *Raw Like Sushi* (Virgin) is not hindered by her extreme youth — "I know where I'm goin' and where I'm comin' from . . . So here I come!" Her needle is firmly placed in a hip-hop groove and her rap sections include bon mots like "put your heart in your soul not decide from your dick." She has consumed her influences with a passion and eloquently makes them work for her.

Another original is **Prince**. He may have had stages of being alternately James Brown, Little Richard and Jimi Hendrix incarnate but at the core of his work is a unique and driven talent. The lad redefines the word "productive." One of his rush jobs of late was the *Batman* (WEA) soundtrack written in two weeks while on the road with his Lovesexy tour. He does his one-man band trick on this one and the result is anything but background music. The songs are, however, obviously written to serve the screen characters and sometimes sound like a rough draft for a great album.

Wendy And Lisa demonstrate the influence of their apprenticeship in the court of Prince on their second serving of *Fruit At The Bottom* (CBS). Their arrangement ideas and vocal style show tendencies of their old mentor, though probably Prince's urgent falsetto would have more impact with this material than their voices, which sit too comfortably in that range. They manage a good perky funk shuffle and some slower moves ("Always In My Dreams") — though without any real grandeur.

Simple Minds are back with their slow ringing solemnity as they lurk in the cavernous shadows of their *Street Fighting Years* (Virgin). This set shows that their *Once Upon A Time* was probably as close to a pop spectacle as they'll get. Goaded on by producer Jimmy Iovine and the reluctantly accepted success of "Don't You Forget About Me" they let that wave reach its inevitable crest. Now the core trio of old school chums have used their semi-retirement to dare to be introspective again. Jim Kerr is more relaxed as Mr Mumbles and they've broadened their pool of support players. Lou Reed also gets a cameo in "This Is Your Land." Repression in South Africa gets addressed in "Mandela Day" and "Biko" while "Belfast Child" is typical of their currently mellowed mood of concern.

Chaka Khan invokes her past highlights via some spirited Housemasters on *Life Is A Dance — The Remix Project* (WEA). Eleven tracks over two albums means the original succinct power of her songs is often dissipated. The key elements are stretched out over the essential dancefloor marching orders, but her seductive vocals are not lost or submerged in unnecessary effects.

Ask not what He can do for you but rather how can *I Get Joy* (A&M)? A desperate question for some, but a positive assertion from **Al Green**. A chart-topping soul singer in the early Seventies, Green has been an ordained Baptist minister since 1979. Still, this is no mere hallelujah chorus. Green's sweet soul voice delivers a few obvious tunes like "Praise Him" but he proves on other tracks he isn't here to indoctrinate but to uplift.

Salif "Golden Voice Of Africa" **Keita** hails from landlocked Mali (north-west Africa). Based in Paris since 1985, he has retained his traditional rhythms and approach to melody while spicing it up with brass and electronic instruments on *Ko-yan* (Island). Keita sings in his native tongue (with convenient French and English translations). His previous dose of *Soro* was very successful beyond Africa and this is another chance to revel in his rhythms and passionate delivery. — *Jeremy Cook*

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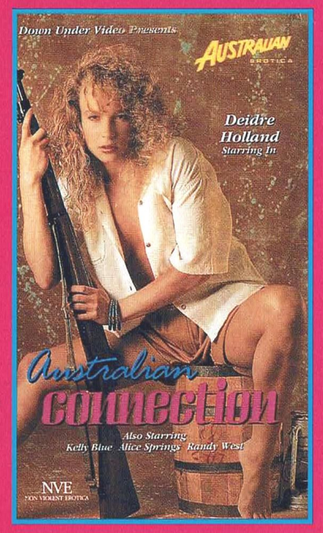

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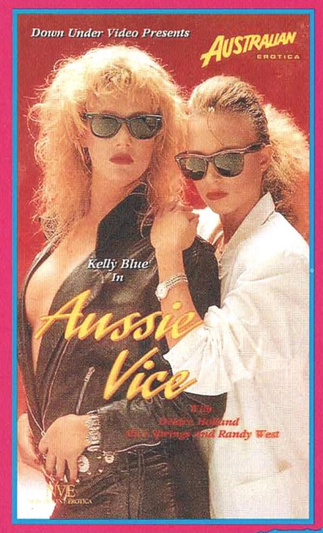

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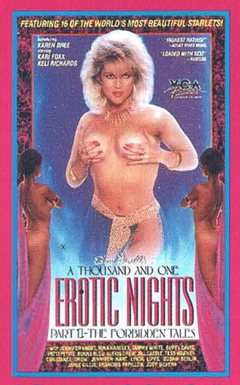

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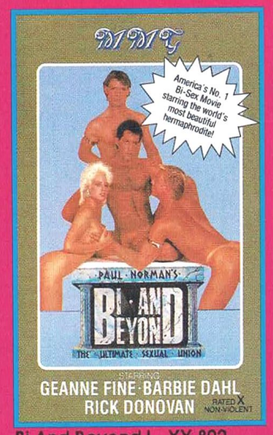

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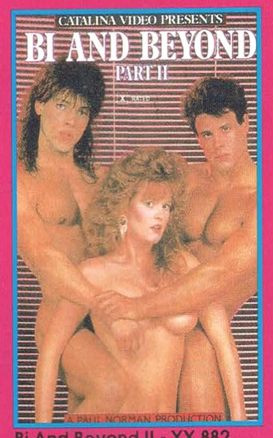

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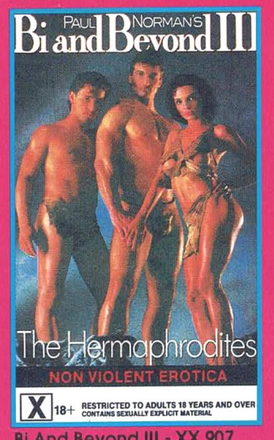
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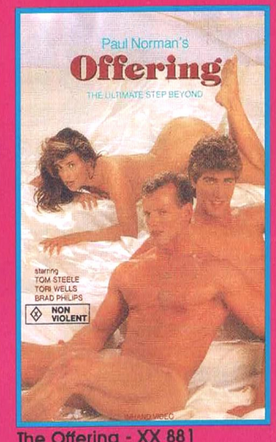

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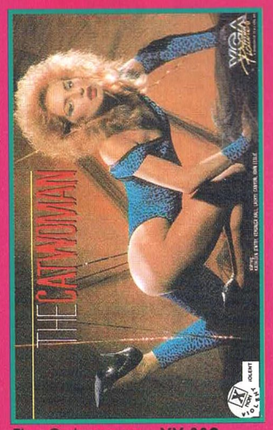

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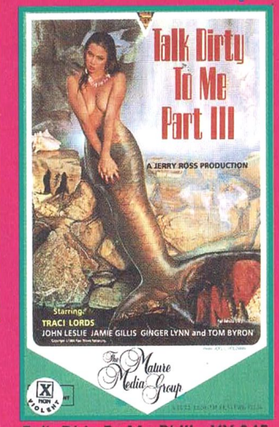
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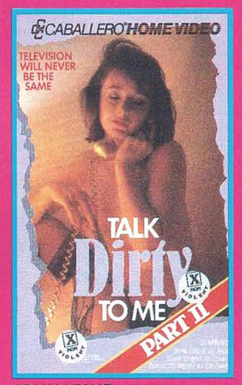

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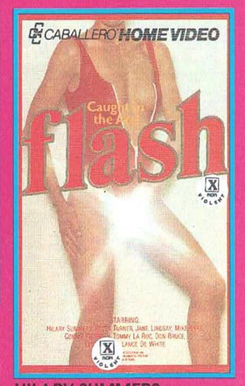

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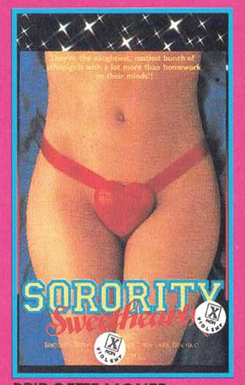

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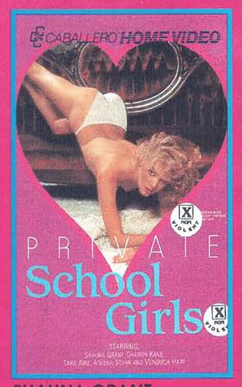

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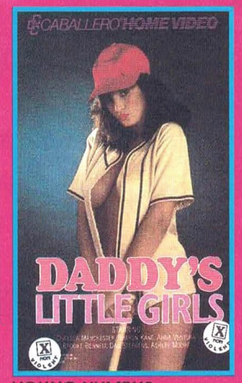

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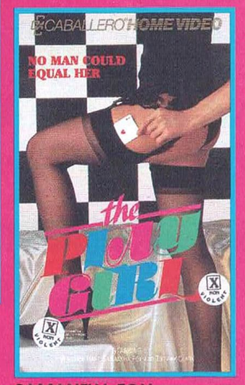

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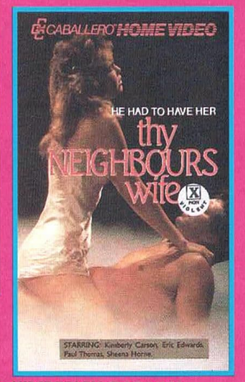

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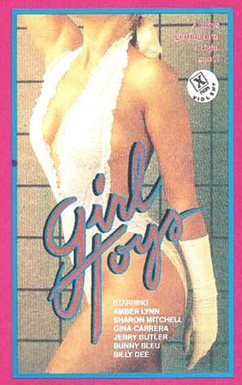

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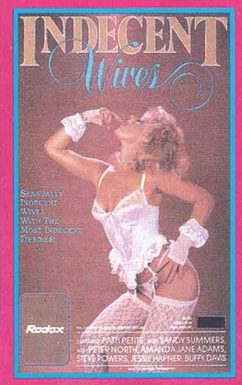

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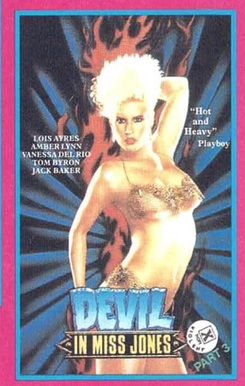

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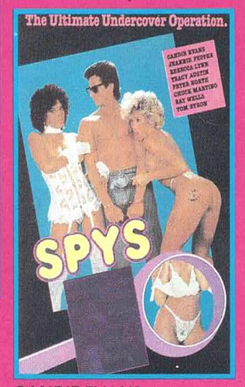

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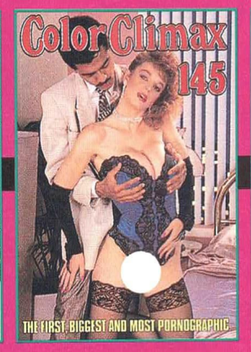

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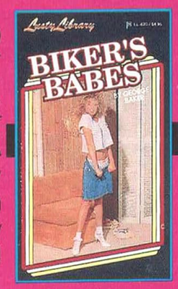

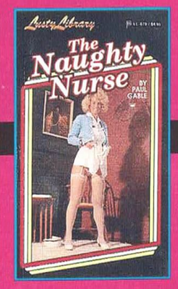

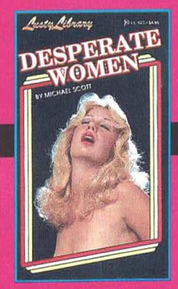

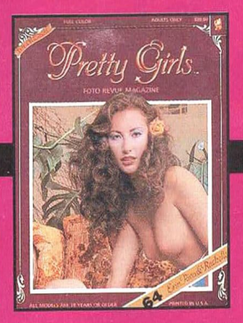

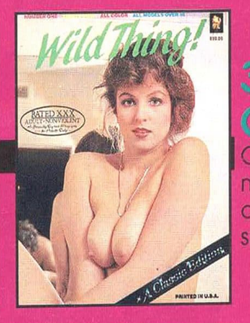

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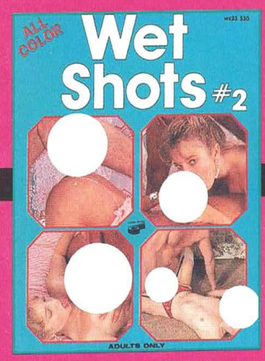

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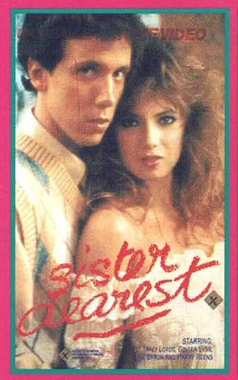

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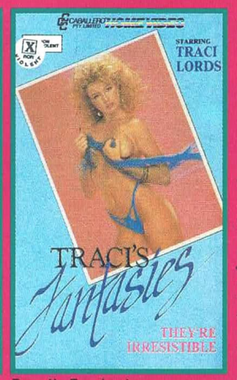

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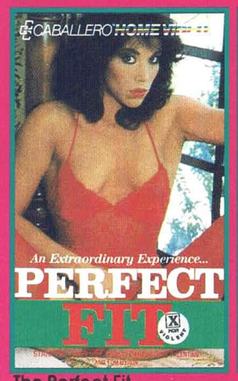

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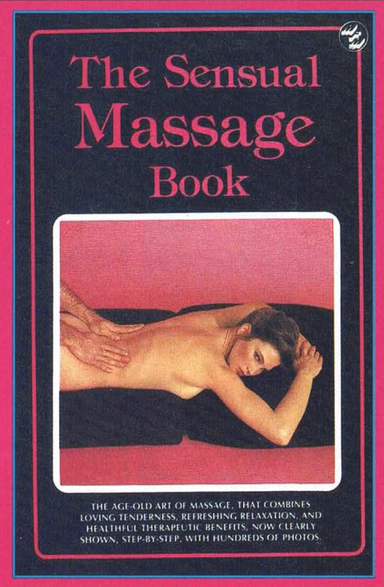
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News

The Chief Minister for the new A.C.T. Government recently introduced that government's first budget which incorporated a 20% tax on the sale and hire of X-rated (Non Violent Erotica) videos.

I appreciate that this tax hits our hip pockets but it also indirectly ensures that this industry will be here for many years to come.
No government is going to abolish an industry which raises about $2 million a year in revenue.

I see the introduction of this tax in November, as the first step towards licensing the industry, something I have advocated for the last three or four years and I do realize that you can't have a licensing system without paying your dues by way of some form of tax.

The introduction of a licensing system will benefit both the legitimate operators in the industry and you the customer, as it means we can regulate the industry and work towards raising the standard of quality & service available to you throughout the industry, something we at MMG are constantly trying to improve.

Till next time,

John.

avia
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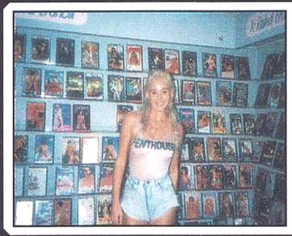

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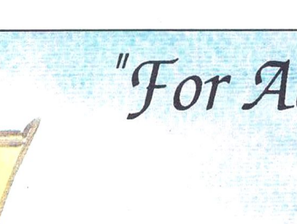

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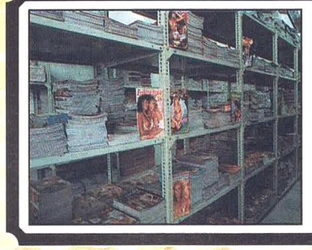

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NOMAD

PHOTOGRAPHY BY PAUL MURPHY

Raven-haired 18-year-old Rachael has the kind of beauty that makes men go weak and women sigh. No-one is safe from her magnetic attraction. Her skyrocketing modelling career has taken her far away from her upbringing in a small country town. "I'd still be out milking the cows and going to the local disco if my boyfriend at the time hadn't suggested I join an agency in the city," she says.

How does this ravishing model cope with the wolf whistles and attention her looks attract? "It usually worries the men in my life more than it worries me. I enjoy meeting people and being the centre of attention. I just need someone who understands and doesn't want to keep me all to himself."

"I love travelling the world, going to exotic places. I'm not the kind of person who'd be satisfied with 1.8 kids and a labrador. I need more stimulation than that. There are so many places I want to go and things I want to do. I can't imagine myself ever settling down permanently with one man, unless he has the same kind of nomadic spirit as I have."

ABDUCTED?

Continued from page 39

cessful and award-winning novelist — was publicly stating that he had had an abduction experience. The impact of the book was extraordinary. It spent many months in the *New York Times* bestseller lists. Over four million copies of the book have been sold. Thousands of people were prompted by the book to write to Whitley Strieber reporting that they too had had similar experiences. More than 600 Australians wrote to him.

Whitley Strieber was an author of horror fiction, including *The Hunger* and *The Wolfen*, both of which were made into movies. He then teamed up with life-long friend Jim Kunetka, to produce two cautionary novels — *War Day*, the most successful anti-nuke novel ever published, and *Nature's End*, a powerful and prophetic statement on mankind's environmental excesses.

Inevitably, everyone asked if *Communion* was another work of clever fiction. Strieber insists it is all true.

He says *Communion* "is the story of one man's attempt to deal with a shattering assault from the unknown. It is a true story, as true as I know how to describe it.

"To all appearances I have had an elaborate personal encounter with intelligent non-human beings," he says. "At first, I thought I was losing my mind. But I was interviewed by three psychologists and three psychiatrists, given a battery of psychological tests and a neurological examination, and [I was] found to fall within the normal range in all respects. I was also given a polygraph by an operator with 30 years' experience and I passed without qualification.

"What happened to me was terrifying. It seemed completely real. It was in clear, normal memory. Most of it was already present in my mind before I was hypnotised to aid recall."

Strieber describes how he was taken from his upstate New York cabin on December 26, 1985, by unknown "visitors." From the nearby woods, he recollected being taken up into the air and suddenly finding himself in "a messy round room." Strange beings were there. A needle-like thing was inserted behind his right ear. A grey and scaly object with a sort of network of wires on the end was briefly inserted into his rectum. An incision was made on his right forefinger. He had no further conscious recollections beyond that point.

The memory of what he thought had happened came back to him over the next few days. The impact was shattering. He thought he was going mad. He even contemplated suicide.

Instead, he was helped by Budd Hopkins, who arranged for him to see psychiatrist Dr Donald Klein.

Dr Klein's hypnosis sessions provided further details of the December 26, 1985 episode, and earlier experiences. As Strieber searched further into his past, he uncovered not explanations and certainty, but more mysteries. He concluded, "I had a relationship with them, despite the fact that I could not even be sure they existed."

Strieber wrote, "By the time December 1985 came around, I may have had these encounters at least a dozen times." He embarked on an intellectual journey through the vast UFO and related literature, grappling with the mystery that had enveloped him. He speculated that:

"The visitors could be:

1. From another planet or planets.
2. From Earth, but so different from us that we have not hitherto understood that they were even real.
3. From another aspect of space-time, in effect another dimension.
4. From this dimension in space but not in time . . .
5. A side-effect of a natural phenomenon.

> "They are more like the victims of assault than starry-eyed seekers of a new world"

6. An aspect of the human species . . ."

Strieber has variously been described as a fantasy-prone personality, a temporal lobe epileptic, or someone who has experienced vivid hypnopompic imagery. Whatever the factual reality or physical basis of Whitley Strieber's experiences, he has made in *Communion* one of the most potent personal expressions of the abduction mystery.

The UFO research community has in the main been hostile to Strieber's position on the controversy. Perhaps the reasons for this are that Strieber is: (a) claiming a complex and elaborate relationship with the "visitors" — a suggestion that for many researchers draws things closer to the highly questionable "contactee" realm; and (b) stating the matter should be held in question. We simply do not know what is going on. Many of the UFO researchers feel we already have answers and that we are dealing with apparent extraterrestrials.

Whitley Strieber has written a sequel to *Communion*. The title, *Transformation — The Breakthrough*, tells it all, and it is a different future to the one Budd Hopkins sees. Strieber writes, "It should not be forgotten that the visitors — if I am right about them — represent the most powerful of all forces acting on human culture. They may be extraterrestrials managing the evolution of the human mind. Or they may represent the presence of mind on another level of being. Perhaps our fate is eventually to leave the physical world altogether and join them in that strange hyper-reality from which they seem to emerge."

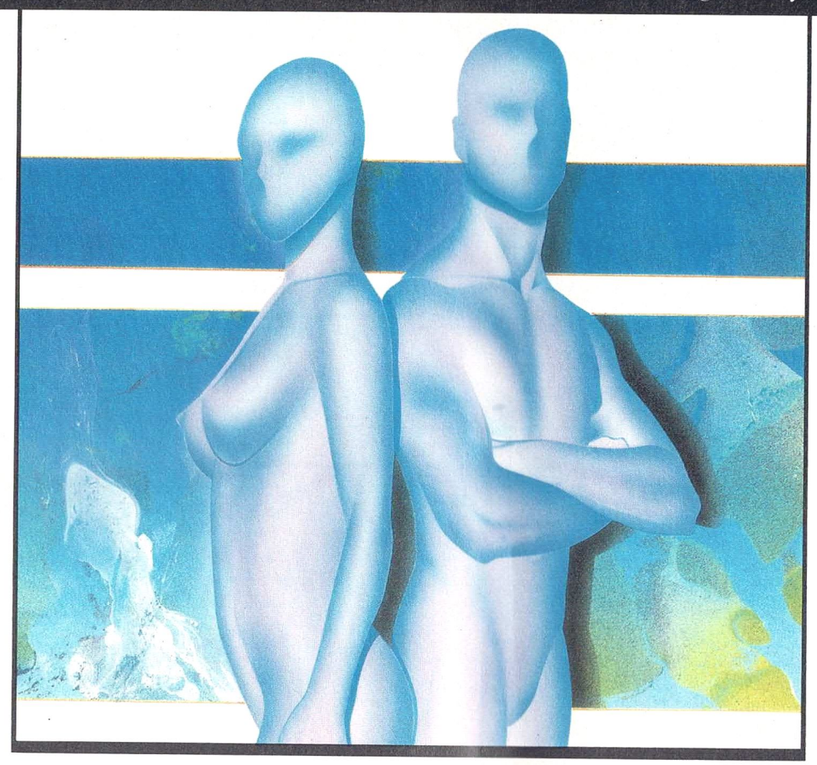
Many researchers would argue it is the richness of the human mind and dynamic interplay with researchers that is spawning these accounts, not aliens. Indeed, Budd Hopkins has been described as a kind of Typhoid Mary of UFO abductions by long-time UFO skeptic Philip Klass in his recent book *UFO Abductions — A Dangerous Game*. He feels Hopkins is generating UFO abduction stories that focus on his theory of genetic experimentation. His regression of Kathie Davis was his first. Some would argue it is more than providence that made this case his most significant. However, it should also be pointed out that the mystery is not simply the product of one investigator. It is worldwide in its dimensions. English researcher Jenny Randles' book *Abduction* (1988) carries details of over 200 abduction reports from 35 countries as diverse as Zimbabwe, Finland, China, USSR, Tibet and India.

Unlike Whitley Strieber and a number of others, most people who have allegedly been abducted remain part of "a hidden choir." Very few of them seek publicity. Indeed, most are terrified of it. They are more like the victims of assault than starry-eyed seekers of a new world reality. All are haunted by their experiences and most are seeking answers.

Something is happening. It may yet turn out to be a quantum leap in the field of anomalistic psychology. Answers may emerge from work currently being done in such esoteric fields as temporal lobe sensitivities, fantasy-prone personalities and a host of other avenues. Some critics argue that sufficient explanations are already available in the psychological domain. These reports may yet prove to be remarkable testimony to the eccentricities of man — that is, these experiences may all be hoaxes.

And yet the possibility that this phenomenon is something extraordinary demands that we keep an open mind until we have enough information to properly determine what is going on. Fortunately the number of intelligent and qualified people now looking into the UFO abduction mystery is growing.

The victims of these experiences must not be unrealistically encouraged by advocates of alien presence, nor, at the other extreme, should they be ridiculed by the skeptical among us. Only time will tell whether the search for answers will give us more insights into the human mind or into the UFO phenomenon. Could it be that it will do both?



SUSPICIOUS MINDS

You think she's cheating. So what are you going to do about it?

Dr Bob Montgomery is a distinguished clinical psychologist who runs a Melbourne-based consultancy. He has given guest lectures on psychology throughout the world, is the author of several best-selling self-help books, and has been a regular guest on various radio and TV programs in Australia. He is currently the "resident psychologist" on Nine's *Today* program.

You suspect she's having an affair. It's driving you mad. You find yourself worrying about it when you should be working. You've started to look for signs of proof. You're beginning to feel distant, but when she asks if anything is wrong, you say, "No!" What can you do, without looking a fool or hurting the relationship?

The first thing you *don't* do is snoop. Also out are spying, interrogating and setting traps. The trouble with these common responses to such doubts is that they don't work and they are likely to put a strain on your relationship. You either find the evidence you are afraid of finding — and then you feel dreadful — or you don't find any evidence, but you won't believe that, or you wouldn't be looking in the first place — so you still feel dreadful.

In my clinical practice I saw a man who arrived at my office in an advanced state of agitation. He had bugged the family phone because he suspected his wife was having an affair. He did finally record her making a date with another man. She told her husband she was going to visit her aunt. Soon after this episode he came to see me. I sympathised with his distress but I pointed out to him: "You've got yourself into this mess. Now you can either tell her, 'Have a good visit with Aunty', or 'By the way dear, I've been bugging the phone'." Either way, he was the loser.

That's the trouble with snooping and setting traps. The fact that you are suspicious enough to do it means that you won't believe it when there isn't any evidence. You'll just keep snooping. And that raises the second problem: sooner or later your partner is likely to catch you snooping. Well, think about it. How would *you* feel if you caught her spying or checking up on you? That's pretty much how she is likely to react, too. If you didn't have a problem in your relationship before, you certainly have one now. So, if playing private detective is out, what can you do?

Something has made you worry. What was it? Is it something your partner has said or done, or something else you can point at in the real world? Or is it something in your head? If you can point at something that has actually happened, you are not only entitled to discuss it, you *should* discuss it. On the other hand, if your doubts are based purely on imagined actions, you should ask yourself whether you're facing a real risk or a paranoia problem.

For example, she said she was going to visit a friend. But while she's away, that friend rings to talk with her, so it's clear she is not where she said she was going to be. In this case you have something solid to point at, and you are entitled to be upset that she has apparently deceived you. Even then, if your goal is to keep this relationship, share your feelings skilfully. Try something like: "When you tell me you are going to visit someone who actually telephones you while you're out, it looks like you have lied to me and I feel hurt and angry."

This is an example of levelling: telling someone openly but constructively how you feel about their behavior. Notice you are not accusing or interrogating, two behaviors most likely to get you an angry or defensive response. At this point, it is still possible that the situation has stemmed from a misunderstanding of some sort. You do want to have your justifiable fears allayed, but you don't want to damage the relationship. So level. No-one ever looked foolish by levelling.

"Constructively level with her; accusation and interrogation invite only anger"

If you don't get a satisfactory answer, you can level about that. Let's say she gets on her high horse, snaps something like, "Well, don't you trust me?" and walks off. You say, "When you refuse to discuss something like this in a reasonable way, you are ignoring my feelings and making it hard for me to trust you." By insisting on a calm and reasonable discussion, you will either get an acceptable explanation or you won't. If you don't, you have a problem, either a lack of effective communication or an admission that she is having an affair.

Do you want this relationship or not? If you do, tackle the problem constructively. Learn some effective communication skills, if that's what's lacking. If she has been having an affair, recognise that correctly as a symptom of a problem in your relationship. People do not get lured out of successful relationships. They go into "affairs" looking for something that's missing from their primary relationship. Find out what it was and see if you can build it or rebuild it in your own relationship.

On the other hand, your doubts may not have such a solid foundation. For example, she just tells you that she is having a great time at work. She often mentions a man she works with. And you start to wonder if they're just good mates or if there's something more to it. Notice the springboard for these doubts is more in your head than in anything unusual in her behavior. Now you need to look at your doubts carefully. There is a romantic myth that jealousy is something attractive or desirable. Make your partner jealous to prove he loves you. It's a load of codswallop.

"Are your doubts purely imaginary, the product of your irrational jealousy?"

Jealousy is usually an expression of low self-esteem, especially when there is no concrete evidence of a threat to your relationship. Essentially you are saying, "I realise I am so dull/boring/ugly/uninteresting that my partner is likely to find someone else more attractive and I am terrified of that because if I lost this relationship, I would never find one to replace it." It sounds like a mindfull, but that's the sort of thinking that underlies jealousy and insecurity. It's often what prompts snooping, prying and so on. Jealousy has the paradoxical effect of driving your partner up the wall and out of the relationship, which is just what you were frightened of.

The answer to these doubts lies with your self-image. You must love yourself — not in a vain sense, but in the sense of seeing yourself as loveable — before you can successfully love someone else. If your beloved says to you, "I think you're great/a hunk/sexy/fun," you need to be able to believe it and not be thinking something like, "She can't really mean that because I know I'm not like that, so what is she after?" Your self-esteem is your problem, not hers.

If you realise you have a self-esteem problem that is causing you unnecessary jealousy and insecurity, you might like to read my self-help book, *The Truth About Success And Motivation*, published by Lothian.

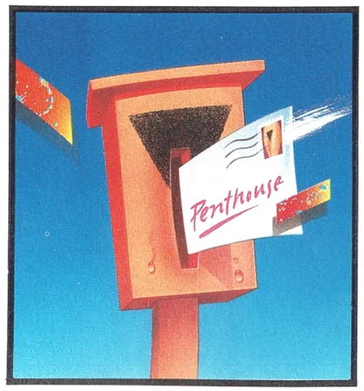
Trust in relationships is often misunderstood. It is not something anyone can claim as an automatic right. Trust is the feeling of security that comes from the two partners behaving in consistently trustworthy ways. It is earned, not owed. If your partner does something that threatens your trust, tell her so constructively. If you have thoughts that threaten your trust, check them realistically and straighten them out.

Lady Sings The Blues

PHOTOGRAPHY BY SUZE RANDALL

Susie, 22, loves singing the blues. "At the moment I'm singing in a nightclub restaurant but I want to become a modern Billie Holliday. My style of music is both sultry and raunchy — old songs, adapted to a modern tune."

"I'm a really nocturnal person. It seems my body clock only goes off at around 11pm and I'm wide awake. I can't imagine getting up and going to the office at eight o'clock every day, I'd be sleepwalking. The men in my life just have to get used to my rhythm."



FORUM

Continued from page 14

rapid as he approached orgasm.

We must have been making a hell of a lot of noise and our banging rendered us oblivious to the banging on the door. Suddenly the front door opened and the friendly young negress from next door walked in and was confronted by the sight of us on the carpet. My boyfriend looked around, but he was so close to coming that despite the interruption, he shot his wad over my breasts, after pulling his cock out in an attempt at modesty.

The neighbor gasped, "I'm very sorry . . ." and then was speechless. Despite being obviously embarrassed she could not take her eyes away from my breasts and the still turgid cockhead wedged between them. I was still feeling randy as I had not come, and seeing the interest in her eyes, I asked, "Do you like what you see?"

She tried to speak but could only nod weakly. I knew that her husband had been away for at least two weeks and assumed that she was starving for sex, particularly as her eyes were now focussed on my boyfriend's still erect cock, which he was still stroking gently.

I asked her if she would care for something to drink but made it clear that there was only one choice of beverage. She quickly understood my meaning and knelt next to my come-stained breasts, slowly moved her head closer to my nipples and gently started to lick my boyfriend's come from them. As she moved her mouth from one breast to the other I could see her looking up at my boyfriend, who was now fiercely erect again and playing with himself.

The door was still open and unbeknownst to us this lovely negress's husband had returned home unexpectedly and was checking to see if she was over with us.

At this stage all the come had been licked off me, and I had removed my gorgeous neighbor's clothing. I needed a cock inside me once more so I grabbed my boyfriend's rampant weapon and forced it inside me. As this was happening my neighbor positioned her pussy over my face, allowing me full view and taste of her now wet desire. I then felt myself being fucked by a cock whilst sucking another woman's pussy, as I had always dreamed of doing.

I was in total ecstasy, being serviced and served so well, when suddenly my neighbor's pussy was pulled from my face. I looked up and saw her husband staring down at us with a video camera in his hand. He said, "Don't stop — I have been here for quite a while and I'm really enjoying the show." With this interruption and unexpected bonus I felt my body being wracked with an all-consuming orgasm. I suppose you might say I really turned on for the camera.

The husband was so excited that he forgot his cinematic efforts and bent to run his finger across the love juice that had poured out of me beside my boyfriend's cock. My boyfriend saw this behavior and smiled in welcome, inviting further participation. As our male neighbor became more aroused he started to pull out his cock. His wife reached out and started to enthusiastically massage his meat.

My cunt was still being manually pleasured by the husband when I noticed my boyfriend was sneaking up on the negress from behind. As I watched I saw him enter her moist pussy. He was extraordinarily hard, driven by an insatiable lust, and as he began ramming into her I was desperate for the taste of cock and reached down to the lovely thick black penis that had now been massaged to full size.

Having tasted this lovely cock I felt my pussy getting desperate once again for an erect penis. Looking over at my boyfriend I saw he was watching what I was doing. Teasingly I placed my finger between my pussy lips to indicate that I wanted him back there.

Gripped, perhaps, by thoughts of sexual fidelity, he pulled out of the negress and came over to position himself between my thighs. I was being fucked at both ends, and loving it. The negress began to feel rather left out and so she knelt in front of my boyfriend's face. All of us were now quickly approaching orgasm, and the tidal wave of ecstasy began when a huge gobbet of come suddenly shot out of our virile friend's cock into my waiting mouth.

His wife was then starting to shake with my boyfriend's tongue-induced orgasm, and as he started to pump his come inside me I came for the second time. Whew! What a way to get better acquainted!

This happened several weeks ago and since then we have had many similar sessions. I recommend such experimentation to all your readers, particularly as telling you this story while my boyfriend helps me with the spelling has aroused us immeasurably and we are about to fuck ourselves insensible. — *Name and address withtheld*

Photo opportunity

It was one of those spur-of-the-moment things that began innocently enough and ended up as a memorable roll in the hay.

MAKE SURE YOU'VE GOT

DUO GOLD

CONDOMS

FORUM

My friend Terri and I were sitting around on a summer afternoon, looking through the pages of *Penthouse*. "Have you ever had a nude photo taken?" she asked.

"No," I said. "I'd be too embarrassed to have a man take a photo of me naked."

She seemed to find this really hilarious. "You've been naked with a man before."

"I know, but that was different. It's one thing to be naked with a man when you're . . . you're . . ."

"When you're going to fuck." She laughed and gave me a look that meant trouble. "What if I were the photographer?"

"Well, that would be different, I guess. Besides, no photo place in town would develop them."

"We could use my Polaroid — no developing necessary."

That's how I let Terri talk me into this escapade. A few minutes later we were off on our photo junket. Terri told me about an isolated waterfall up in the mountains where we couldn't possibly be disturbed.

She was right about one thing, the waterfall was isolated. We ripped off our clothing and I posed in front of the waterfall. Terri was thoroughly enjoying herself and even I started to relax.

Then it was her turn to pose. She had no intention of having the usual nude photos. Every pose she struck was more provocative and revealing than the one before. It was obvious that she had no intention of merely showing a little tit and arse; she showed all. She lay back on a rock and spread her legs so that her pussy stared right into the camera. She seemed to enjoy showing off her pussy.

"Do you have to show . . . that?" I asked.

Terri just laughed. "That is just what everyone wants to see, isn't it?"

Terri had always been the adventurous one. She was younger than I but had been the first to have sex. When she got a wide-on for a man, she didn't wait for him to make the first move. She would walk right up to a guy and say, "Let's you and me go somewhere and fuck."

I knew Terri pretty well and could tell that the idea of showing everything for the camera was getting to her. Her breathing was getting heavy. She ran her hands suggestively over her body.

"This is making me horny as hell," she said.

"Me too." Terri and I froze as the man's voice sounded over the water. He couldn't have been more than a few metres away.

We both turned to see two guys in their early twenties staring at us. They were both wearing shorts and there was no doubt that Terri's posing and exhibiting her pussy had gotten to them. They had enormous erections and weren't making any effort to hide the fact.

I instinctively turned away from them, but not Terri. She stood her ground, her feet spread wide apart and her hands on her hips. She thrust her tits out and addressed the blond guy.

"If you're so fucking horny, why don't you do something about it?" she taunted him.

He stepped forward but she held up her hand, commanding him to wait. He stopped in his tracks with a puzzled look on his face. Terri smiled and said, "I don't fuck anyone until I know his name."

He grinned and pointed to the other guy, who seemed shy. "This is Brad," he told us. "I'm Terry."

"Shit, that's no name for a man," she taunted. "Terri is my name. How do we know you're a real man?"

He looked at her while he dropped his shorts to his ankles. He was a real man all right. It was all I could do not to moan. Even my pussy twinged a little. I could just imagine how Terri was feeling.

She stepped forward, thrusting her tits into his chest, and grabbed his prick, pumping it in her hand. Ten seconds later they were on the ground and his prick was deep in her pussy. From the sounds she made, I knew Terri was enjoying herself.

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

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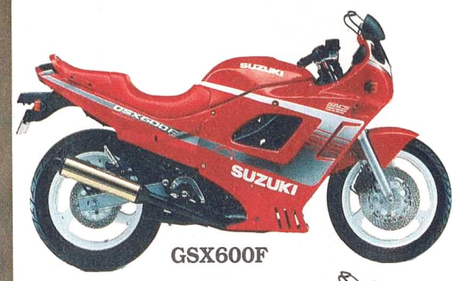
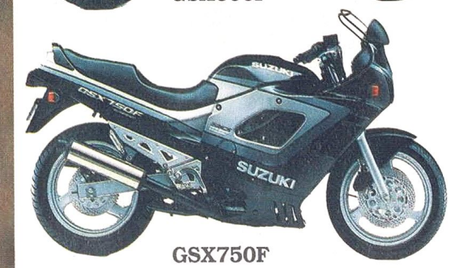


GSX600F



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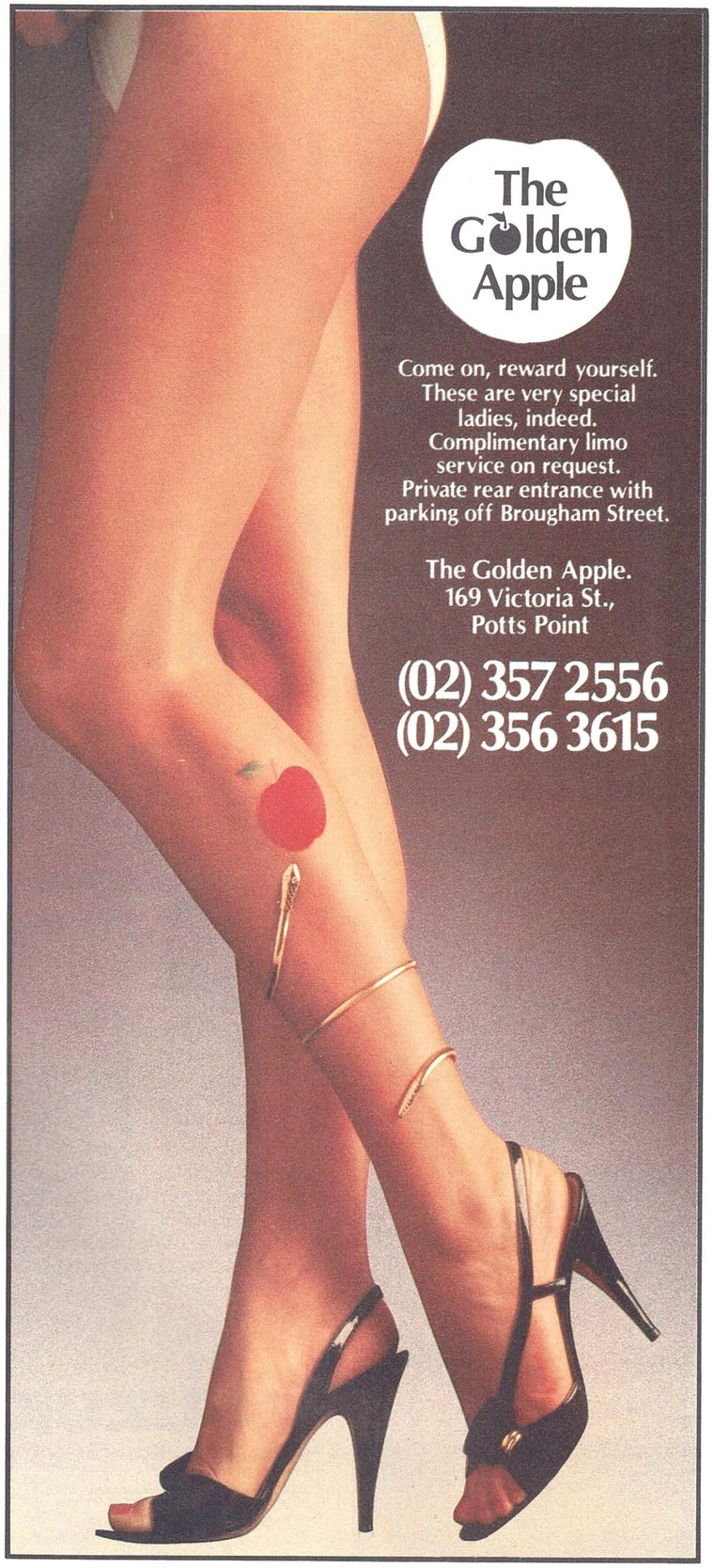
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FORUM

Brad stepped forward and laid a hand on my bare shoulders.

"I'm sorry," he said. "We didn't mean to sneak up on you as we did. It really was an accident."

"Don't be sorry," I said. "She's not." I nodded toward Terri, who was getting just what she wanted all along.

We both started laughing — we couldn't help it. He pulled me closer and his hand dropped into my pussy hair. He started to remove it but I stopped him.

"Don't," I said. "It feels good."

He looked at me with surprised eyes.

"I just like to take my time," I told him, and leaned forward to kiss him. His lips opened and his tongue slipped inside my mouth, where my tongue met his. With his free hand he cupped one of my tits and ran his tongue around my areola and nipple. I could feel my pussy juices begin to flow. I spread my legs and he found my clitoris with his fingertips. I reached for his cock.

"Can you take off your shorts?" I asked him. "I want to feel my hand on your bare prick."

With one hand, he undid his shorts and dropped them. I gripped his magnificent tool in my hand and he groaned.

"Careful," he said. "I'm close to coming."

He pulled me down to the ground and spread my legs. I thought he was going to fuck me but he had other ideas. With his fingers, he spread my pussy lips and ran his tongue all around them. When his tongue reached my clitoris and started to tease, I came, groaning as my orgasm spread through every fibre of my body. He looked up at me.

"Did you like that?"

"Oh yes," I gasped. "Now you roll over on to your back and let me do you."

I took the knob of his beautiful prick into my mouth and ran my tongue around his glans. He shuddered a few times, then shot a huge load of come into my mouth. I heard a click just as he was coming, and I looked up at Terri and Terry. They were looking at a Polaroid and laughing. Terri held it up for me to see. It was a picture of Brad and me, taken just as he was shooting his load into my mouth.

I grabbed the picture and looked at it, then showed it to Brad.

"I'm going to keep it forever," I said.

I did too. The four of us spent a few hours together. We ran out of film long before our passions ran out. I keep the picture now in my jewellery box. Every time I think of Brad, I pull it out and look at it. Before long I feel in need of some relief, so I finger-fuck myself while and remember how his tongue felt on my clitoris. I could use a little relief right now.

— *Name and address withheld*

Back to Nature

PHOTOGRAPHY BY STEPHEN HICKS

Dazzling 18-year-old Tamara loves to battle the elements. Bushwalking through wilderness, wading rivers and climbing mountains are her idea of fun. "It's great to get away from all the smog and smoke of the city. There's nothing like fresh air and exercise. It helps you get in touch with your roots."

It would certainly take a mountain man to tame this mountain girl. "I like aggressive, strong men. I need someone who will challenge me and enjoys new experiences. If he had a four-wheel drive, that would be even better."

SQUAWK

Continued from page 62

The cockatoo started to say something. "If you're going to open your gob," Patto told it sternly, "then stick this in." He held a Jatz biscuit up to the bars of the cage. "Enough Ratsak in there," he winked over his shoulder to Johnsie, "to wipe out half the Indonesian Army."

"Don't look like Polly wants a cracker today," Johnsie observed.

"Eat it, ya bastard!" Patto ordered the bird, proffering the biscuit through the bars of the cage. The bird showed no interest. Patto flung the biscuit at it. "Please yourself," he said, taking his knife out. The bird shifted uneasily from foot to foot on its perch. Patto rested one hand on top of the cage and opened the cage door with the other, his knife hand. As soon as he'd opened it Pretty Boy made a dash for freedom through the opening.

It ran, hopped and flew into the next room.

"After it!" Patto yelled.

The next room was the dining room and Pretty Boy was squawking and flying around its high ceiling.

"I wouldn't have thought the old prick had it in him," Patto said with a touch of admiration in his voice, as he put away his knife and swapped it for a small Italian-made pistol.

"Stay still, you bastard!" Patto said, trying to get a decent aim.

"Just a suggestion," Johnsie said, "but why don't you try to teach the stupid thing someone else's nickname, so that it'll forget yours or at least confuse the issue?"

"Why didn't we think of that before?" Patto said, putting his gun away. "Let's see, who do we hate enough . . . Why not?" he smirked. "How's about Detective Sergeant 'Boofhead' Baker of the Housebreaking Squad?"

"Why not?" Patto sang out, chasing after it to the next room. "BOOFA BOOFA!"

"Patto Patto," the bird answered back.

"BOOFA BOOFA!"

"Patto Patto."

"BOOFA — No, you motherfucker, you only had to hear my name once to be stuck with it for life, didn't you? I could go on yelling Boofa at you till I was blue in the face and you wouldn't . . ."

The bird, apparently exhausted from its unaccustomed jaunt, fluttered down to the table and hobbled back into its cage.

"BOOFA BOOFA!" Patto went at it.

"Patto Pa —"

"*Shut up!*" Patto screamed. "And you're a great fucking help," he said to Johnsie, "standing back there with your hands in your pockets laughing."

Johnsie walked over to the cage and closed the door. "Only a suggestion," he said, taking hold of the handle on top, "but why don't we steal cage and cocky and get the fuck out of here?"

"Better than your last idea!" Patto agreed hurriedly. He grabbed the cage from Johnsie and was making his way out when he heard car doors slamming. He looked out the window. The black car and several others had returned from the cemetery.

"Already! She must have given her Mum a pauper's funeral — the cheapskate bitch, the ungrateful moll!" Patto boiled. He dropped the cage back on to the table. "Quick — in this cupboard," he said to Johnsie. They were just inside it when the mourners began filing into the house.

The sound of glasses clinking and the low murmur of voices penetrated the cupboard. "Now what, mastermind?" Johnsie whispered. "Feels like I've already done a life stretch in this stinking house."

Patto opened the cupboard door a crack. "Let's sneak out while they're all getting pissed," he whispered back.

They were almost to the front door when a voice behind them said, "Where do you think you're going?" They turned around. It was the old woman's daughter. "Naughty-naughty," she chided them without taking the fag out of her mouth. "The bog's down this way. I hope yez weren't going to flop it out over the verandah? And you both look like you could use a refill anyway. Stubbies, wasn't it?"

"Er, yeah, yeah," Patto said.

She was back in a flash with a couple of opened stubbies for them. "Mum's friends, were you?" she asked.

"Jesus Christ!" Johnsie said, going white. He was looking over the woman's shoulder. Patto looked in the same direction and went white too. In the kitchen, glass in hand, was Detective Sergeant Baker of the Housebreaking Squad, back a day prematurely from his course.

Johnsie and Patto broke and bolted for their lives. Their hostess shrugged and walked back to the kitchen, putting one of the stubbies to use herself.

At the time the wake was breaking up Patto and Johnsie were already across the state border bargaining feverishly with everything they could fraudulently convert, borrow and steal for two forged passports.

With the departure of the old guests and hangers-on, the dead woman's daughter and Det-Sergeant Baker were left alone for the first time. "No news yet?" the woman asked the detective.

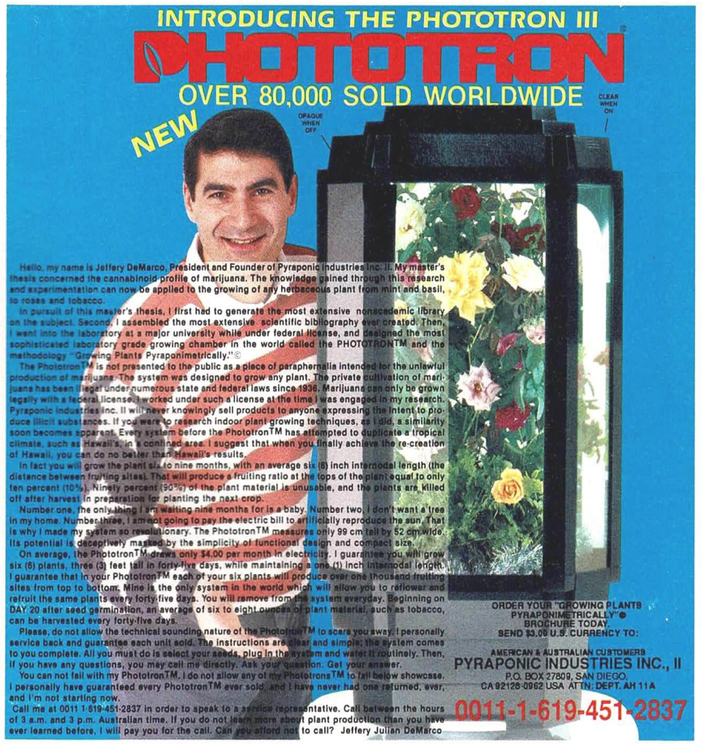
"Nothing definite yet, they tell me," he said as he bent to admire Pretty Boy in its cage.

"Patto Patto!" Pretty Boy squawked at him.

"Mum had that mangey thing spoiled rotten," the woman said.

"Patto Patto!" it insisted.

"All right, all right," she said, stubbing her smoke out and coming over. "It won't go to sleep otherwise," she explained, putting her hand in the cage and patting the cocky on its contented head. O—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CLEAR WHEN ON
Hello, my name is Jeffery DeMarco, President and Founder of Pyraponic Industries Inc. II. My master's thesis concerned the cannabinoic profile of marijuana. The knowledge gained through this research and experimentation can now be applied to the growing of any herbaceous plant from mint and basil, to roses and tobacco.
In pursuit of this master's thesis, I first had to generate the most extensive nonacademic library on the subject. Second, I assembled the most extensive scientific bibliography ever created. Then, I went into the laboratory at a major university while under federal license, and designed the most sophisticated laboratory grade growing chamber in the world called the PHOTOTRON™ and the methodology "Growing Plants Pyraponimetrically."©
The Phototron™ is not presented to the public as a piece of paraphernalia intended for the unlawful production of marijuana. The system was designed to grow any plant. The private cultivation of marijuana has been illegal under numerous state and federal laws since 1936. Marijuana can only be grown legally with a federal license. I worked under such a license at the time I was engaged in my research. Pyraponic Industries Inc. II will never knowingly sell products to anyone expressing the intent to produce illicit substances. If you were to research indoor plant growing techniques, as I did, a similarity soon becomes apparent. Every system before the Phototron™ has attempted to duplicate a tropical climate, such as Hawaii's, in a confined area. I suggest that when you finally achieve the re-creation of Hawaii, you can do no better than Hawaii's results.
In fact you will grow the plant six to nine months, with an average six (6) inch internodal length (the distance between fruiting sites). That will produce a fruiting ratio at the tops of the plant equal to only ten percent (10%). Ninety percent (90%) of the plant material is unusable, and the plants are killed off after harvest in preparation for planting the next crop.
Number one, the only thing I am waiting nine months for is a baby. Number two, I don't want a tree in my home. Number three, I almost going to pay the electric bill to artificially reproduce the sun. That is why I made my system so revolutionary. The Phototron™ measures only 99 cm tall by 52 cm wide. Its potential is deceptively masked by the simplicity of functional design and compact size.
On average, the Phototron™ draws only $4.00 per month in electricity. I guarantee you will grow six (6) plants, three (3) feet tall in forty-five days, while maintaining a one (1) inch internodal length. I guarantee that in your Phototron™ each of your six plants will produce over one thousand fruiting sites from top to bottom. Mine is the only system in the world which will allow you to rollover and retrait the same plants every forty-five days. You will remove from the system everyday. Beginning on DAY 20 after seed germination, an average of six to eight ounces of plant material, such as tobacco, can be harvested every forty-five days.
Please, do not allow the technical sounding nature of the Phototron™ to scare you away. I personally service back and guarantee each unit sold. The instructions are clear and simple; the system comes to you complete. All you must do is select your seeds, plug in the system and water it routinely. Then, if you have any questions, you may call me directly. Ask your question. Get your answer.
You can not fail with my Phototron™. I do not allow any of my Phototrons™ to fail below showcase. I personally have guaranteed every Phototron™ ever sold, and I have never had one returned, ever, and I'm not starting now.
Call me at 0011-1-619-451-2837 in order to speak to a service representative. Call between the hours of 3 a.m. and 3 p.m. Australian time. If you do not learn more about plant production than you have ever learned before, I will pay you for the call. Can you afford not to call? Jeffery Julian DeMarco
ORDER YOUR "GROWING PLANTS PYRAPONIMETRICALLY"© BROCHURE TODAY
SEND $3.00 U.S. CURRENCY TO:
AMERICAN & AUSTRALIAN CUSTOMERS
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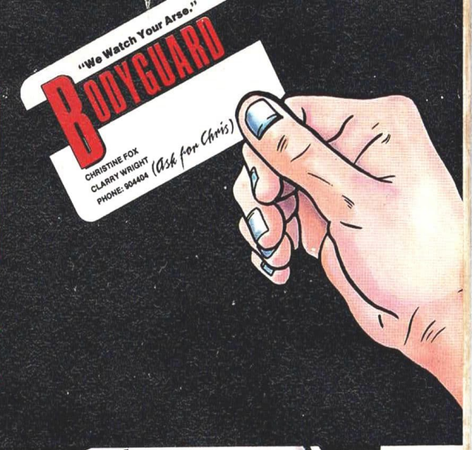
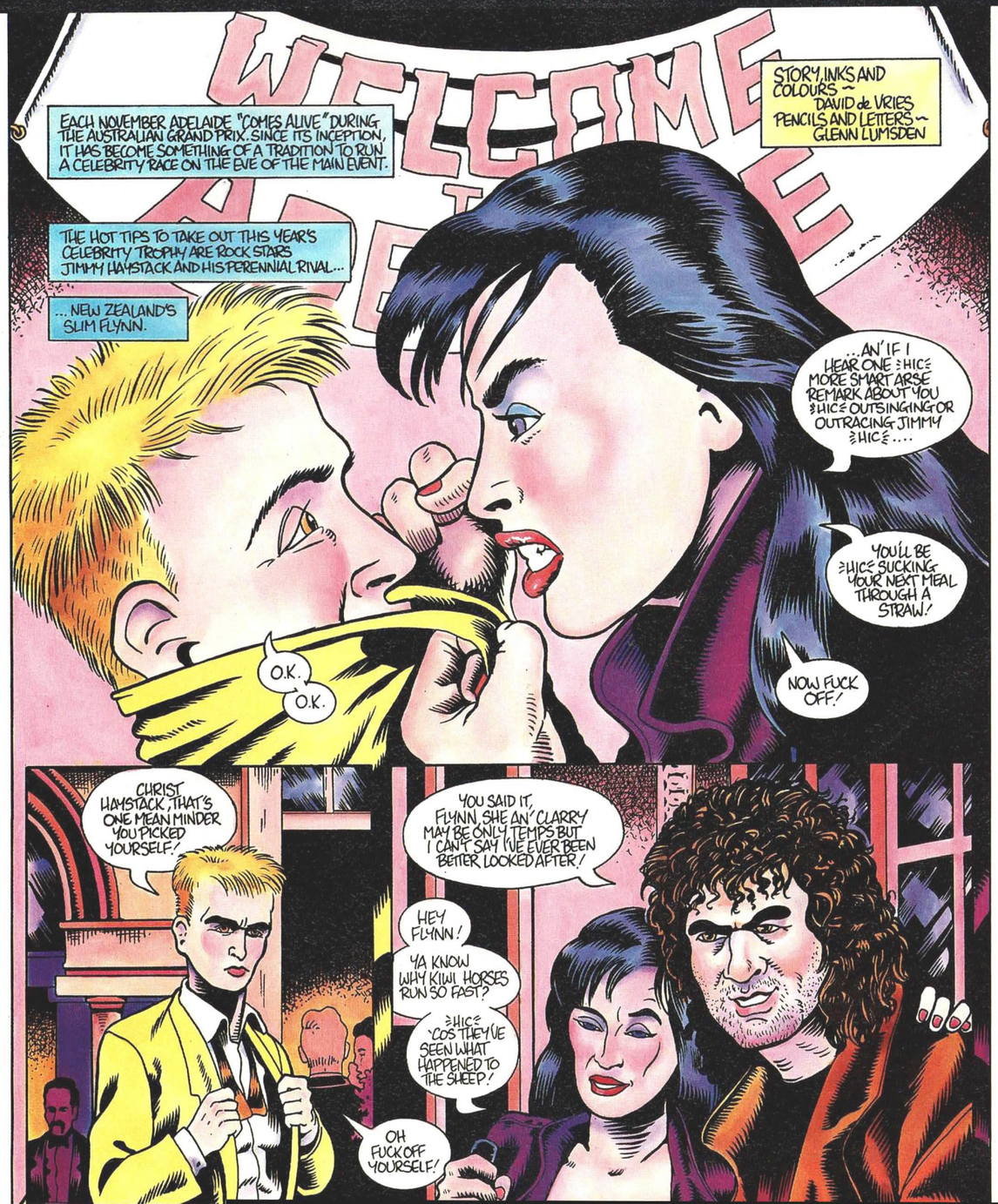
0011-1-619-451-2837

BODYGUARD

PART 3: Stick Shift




WELCOME TO ADELAIDE
STORY, INKS AND COLOURS — DAVID de VRIES
PENCILS AND LETTERS — GLENN LUMSDEN
EACH NOVEMBER ADELAIDE "COMES ALIVE" DURING THE AUSTRALIAN GRAND PRIX. SINCE ITS INCEPTION, IT HAS BECOME SOMETHING OF A TRADITION TO RUN A CELEBRITY RACE ON THE EVE OF THE MAIN EVENT.
THE HOT TIPS TO TAKE OUT THIS YEAR'S CELEBRITY TROPHY ARE ROCK STARS JIMMY HAYSTACK AND HIS PERENNIAL RIVAL...
...NEW ZEALAND'S SLIM FLYNN.
...AN' IF I HEAR ONE HIC MORE SMART ARSE REMARK ABOUT YOU HIC OUTSINGING OR OUTRACING JIMMY HIC....
YOU'LL BE HIC SUCKING YOUR NEXT MEAL THROUGH A STRAW!
NOW FUCK OFF!
O.K.
O.K.
CHRIST HAYSTACK, THAT'S ONE MEAN MINDER YOU PICKED YOURSELF!
YOU SAID IT, FLYNN, SHE AN' CLARRY MAY BE ONLY TEMPS BUT I CAN'T SAY I'VE EVER BEEN BETTER LOOKED AFTER!
HEY FLYNN!
YA KNOW WHY KIWI HORSES RUN SO FAST?
HIC 'COS THEY'VE SEEN WHAT HAPPENED TO THE SHEEP!
OH FUCK OFF YOURSELF!

FOX, YOU KEEP THIS UP AND I'LL PUT YOU ON THE STAFF PERMANENTLY...

... I NEVER DID LIKE THAT BLOKE.

I HOPE CLARRY'S ON THE BALL TONIGHT. I WOULDN'T PUT IT PAST FLYNN TO TRY SOMETHING ON THE CAR...

=HIC= WELL YOU CAN STOP WORRYING THERE =HIC= JIMMY =HIC= BABY...

"...THERE'S NO WAY ANYTHING'S GOING TO =HIC= HAPPEN WITH CLARRY =HIC= ON THE JOB..."

SHIT I'M BORED!

'ALLO 'ALLO!

G'DAY!

YOU ARE JIMMY HAYSTACK, NO?

THIS IS YOUR AUTO?

...SO PRETTY...

...LIKE YOU...

I JUST LOV-V-V-E AUTOS.

THERE IS SOMESING SO EROTIC ABOUT AUTOS, NO?

ER...YEAH!

ZE ENGINE... THE WAY IT THROBS...

...THE THRUST...

...THE POWER...

OH IT EXCITES ME SO...

WOULD YOU...COULD YOU...SHOW IT TO ME?

YEAH, SURE, I'LL GO ONE BETTER THAN THAT...

GIVE US A MO AN' I'LL FIRE HER UP!

YOU THINK MAYBE I SIT IN YOUR AUTO?

=GRUNT= SURE...GIVE ME A SEC TO UNSTICK MESELF...

OH BUT IT HAS ONLY ONE SEAT!

I WILL HAVE TO SIT ON YOUR KNEE!

HUH?!?

OH! BUT ZE STICK SHIFT IS STICKING INTO ME! MY DRESS SHE IS IN THE WAY!

LET ME SLIDE IT UP!

ER YEAH SURE!

ZAT IS BETTER NO!

YEAH YEAH!

NOW IT FITS MORE EASILY, NO?

OH STRUTH YEAH!

KABUNKABUNKABUNKABUNKABUNKABUNKABU

I HOPE YOU DON'T MIND ME WIGGLING...

...BUT SHE IS A TIGHT FIT IN HERE AN'-I-WANT-TO-GET MORE COM-FORT-ABLE!

NO NO

PLEASE GO

FOR UHGH!!

AHHH...

OOH LA LA...ZE STICK!

HE CAME OFF...

...IN MY HAND!

"...AND WHAT AN EXCITING DAYS RACING IT HAS BEEN- WITH THE LEAD CHANGING SEVERAL TIMES, NOW, WITH JUST THE FINAL LAP TO GO, IT'S JIMMY HAYSTACK HEADING THE PACK WITH SLIM FLYNN HOT ON HIS TAIL!"

THIS IS IT!

JUST GOTTA TAKE THIS CORNER SMOOTHLY AN' FLYNN CAN-

...GET...

...FUCKED!

SNAP!

SHIT!

WHAT'S HE DOING?! HE'S HIT THE ANCHORS WAY TOO FAST!

HE'S GUNNA-

SCREEE

CAN'T GEAR DOWN!

APPROACHING TOO FAST!

NOTHIN' ELSE FOR IT.

HAVE TO-

"...BRAKE HARD!!"

SMASH!

HEY JIMMY, YOU O.K.?

YEAH, NO WORRIES! LUCKILY MY MINDERS WERE HERE ON THE JOB!

THANKS, GUYS. FOX, IF YOU'RE INTERESTED I'D LIKE YOU AND CLARRY TO BE ON THE PAYROLL FOR KEEPS...

...IF IT WASN'T FOR YOU TWO...

...! COULD'A BEEN KILLED!

LOOK!

LOOKS LIKE IT'S BEEN PART-WAY CUT THROUGH!

BUT HOW?

WELL I'LL BE BUGGERED, THAT SHEILA WAS RIGHT.'

BLACK CHICK PAID ME A LITTLE VISIT LAST NIGHT IN THE PITS...

IT DOES COME OFF IN YA HAND!

...REAL CUTE TOO!

"SHEILA"? WHAT "SHEILA"?!

UNREAL ACCENT.

WHAT SORT OF "ACCENT"?

DUNNO... SOMETHIN' WOG...

..ITIE...

..GREEK..

HEY, THERE SHE IS, WITH THAT KIWI POOFTA!

"...AND THE WINNER OF THIS YEAR'S CELEBRITY FORMULA ONE...SLIM FLYNN!"

OOH LA LA!

NEAT EH?

"GREEK"?! TRY FRENCH YA BOURKE! THAT'S YVETTE ST. CLAIRE!

FLYNN'S NEW CALEDONIAN GIRL FRIEND!

..FOX..

YOU'RE FIRED!

CLARRY!!

HEY, IT'S NOT MY FAULT. I NEVER WAS MUCH GOOD AT PICKIN' ACCENTS!

CLARRY!

≥GULP≤ ..YEAH?

STICK IT!

FIN.

LOOSE ENDS

SLICK CHIC

The radical new shape and slick profile of Bolle MicroEdge points to the future in protective eyewear fashion. Already a hit in Europe, these futuristically styled sunshields are being worn both as an action and as a fashion sunglass. The wrap-around design provides total protection from UV light from all angles as well as unobstructed vision and wind protection. Lightweight, practically unbreakable, anti-scratch coated, the Bolle MicroEdge range of styles is available in five different frame colors — including fashionable fluorescents — and each pair comes with interchangeable arms (hooked and straight). Around $100 at ski, surf and sports outlets.

BECOME A DEWAR'S PROFILE

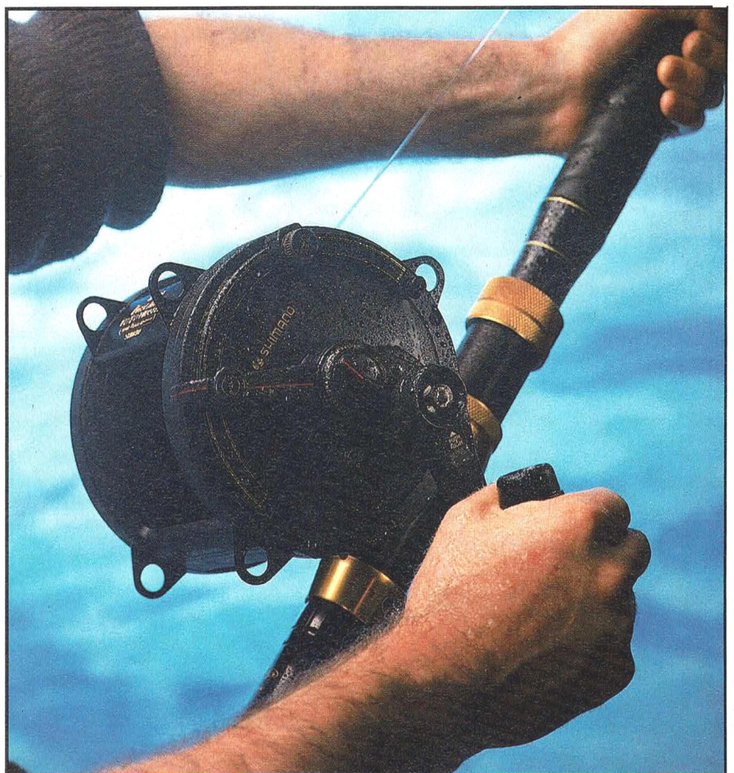
The odds are you will be one if you meet up with your friends, once in a while, in a bar, club, nightclub or disco in one of our capital cities. A team of Dewar's hostesses, piped in by a Scottish highlander, are visiting locations around the country to conduct a contest which is related to the Dewar's Profiles advertising which you will, by now, have seen in the pages of this and other magazines.

The hostesses distribute bar coasters with an area for you to fill out your own or your friend's profile. You'll receive a small gift from Dewar's if you participate. When all the profiles (true or false) are collected, the hostesses select the best one and the winner receives a collection of Dewar's bar products — a jug, ice bucket, bar cloth and, of course, a bottle of Dewar's White Label Fine Scotch Whiskey.

Look for the stylishly dressed hostesses in their black designer label suits with white blouses, Dewar's emblem and baskets of goodies. You never know — you could even end up in the pages of *Penthouse!*

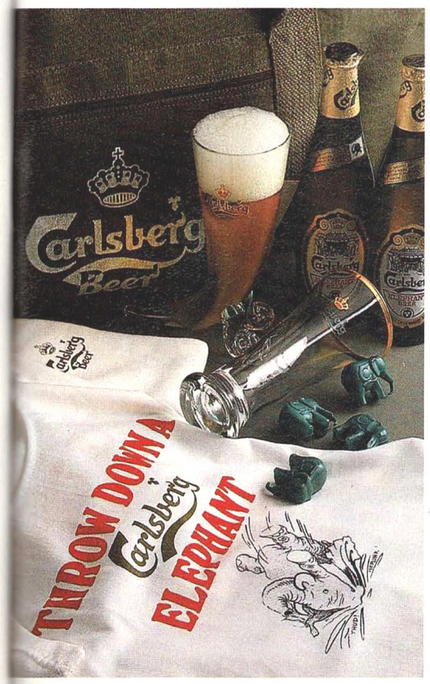
BEASTMASTER

You could land a white pointer with the revolutionary new Shimano Triton BeastMaster. Each of the four BeastMaster reels is built to handle three line tests perfectly. Ordinary lever drags can't do that without major alterations. So now, to fish different line weights, you no longer have to rebuild your drag or buy a new reel. Instead, you just change your line. Additionally, with a BeastMaster reel, you can set the correct strike and whatever minimum drag you want. This state-of-the-art big game reel also features push-button two-speed gear ratios, patented ball bearing titanium drag, pre-programmed lever drag range, strong lightweight one-piece frame, standard harness lugs, stainless steel gears and main shaft, water-shielded bag, strong, powerful handle with sure grip knob, audible strike alarm click, stainless steel reel foot and a heavy-duty rod clamping system. It will help you battle even the fiercest monsters of the deep and comes with an unconditional two-year guarantee against breakage. It's available for $840 from The Compleat Angler, on (02) 241 2080.



COVERING UP

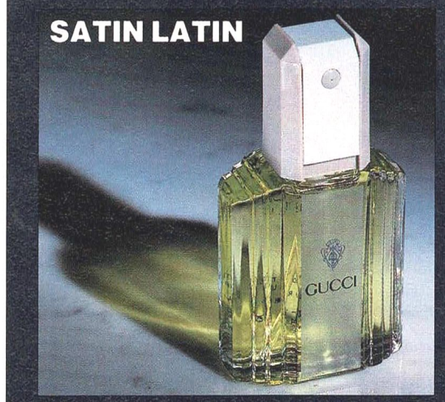
This bodysuit is the latest in phallic fashionwear. Part of the new Nikos designer range imported from Europe, it is made of 100 per cent cotton and moulds to the body to accentuate the important parts. It costs a mite more than an ordinary pair of jocks at $200, but for comfort and flair it should appeal to the male who likes to present his assets in the best possible light. Available from David Jones in Sydney and Melbourne.



WIN WITH CARLSBERG

Here's a beauty from Denmark with qualities such as unique character, great taste, firm body, superior strength, party-loving and well-packaged. That's Carlsberg Elephant and Carlsberg Deluxe beers. These are a couple of drops in great demand. As a special promotion for *Penthouse* readers, Carlsberg are giving away five Carlsberg premium packs. All you must do is send to *Penthouse* an envelope with your name and address on the back — and just one other word: the country of orgin of Carlsberg beer. Five entries will be drawn from the barrel to win a set of glasses plus the great tusk glass, along with a sloppy joe, T-shirt and sturdy Carlsberg bag. Address for entries is Loose Ends, PO Box 42, Cammeray 2062. Entries close Friday, November 17.

SATIN LATIN



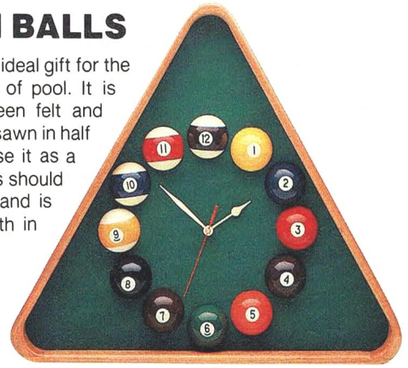
Satin-inspired Nobile is the latest release men's fragrance from Gucci. A fresh and spicy fragrance, Gucci Nobile is a blend of oak moss, vetiver, amber, sandalwood and citrus notes. The eight products in the Nobile collection range in price from $35 to $80.

SUMMER SURVIVAL

This safari hat will keep you cool during the heatwaves of summer and will also make you an instant curiosity on the beach. The small attached fan circulates a cool breeze in front of your face and mulches any flies that come too close. This sweat-saver is made out of fine cane rattan and comes with a leather strap, and the fan can be operated either by batteries or solar power. It retails for $120 from Remo, on the corner of Oxford and Crown Streets, Sydney.

LOOSE ENDS

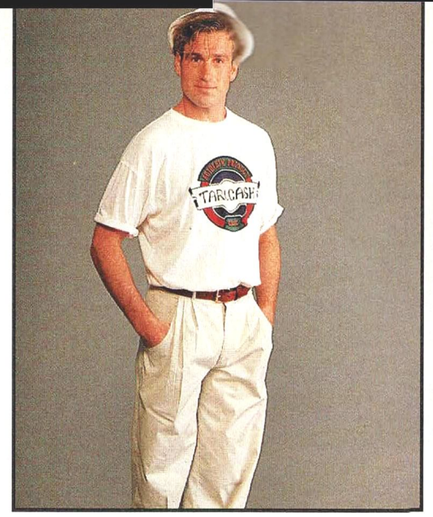
A CLOCK WITH BALLS



This original wallclock is an ideal gift for the man who loves his game of pool. It is made with authentic green felt and triangle, but the pool balls are sawn in half so you won't be tempted to use it as a spare set. All billiard enthusiasts should own one. It retails for $98.50 and is available from Heiron and Smith in Sydney, on (02) 29 5966.

REBOUNDING RUNNERS

Reebok, the name behind designer sportshoes, has just launched a new concept in fashion for the fleet-footed — Visible Energy Return. The idea is that generally when a person exercises, a certain amount of energy goes into the shoes and is lost. So Reebok decided to incorporate materials in their shoes which would absorb and return energy. They took a material called Hytrel, which apparently has total resistance to compaction, formed it into tubes and inserted them into the mid-sole of the shoe at the forefoot and the heel. These tubes compress and store energy and then, like cylinders of power, rebound back to their original shape, thus returning energy to the athlete. According to a spokesperson from Reebok, the International Olympic Committee are even investigating the shoe to see whether it gives an unfair advantage. The range features seven models so far, including two running shoes, a tennis shoe, two basketball boots, cross-trainers and a women's aerobic shoe. Prices range from around $160 to $230. They are available from sport stores everywhere.



DASH WITHOUT CASH

For the man who likes to look like a million dollars without spending it, Tarocash are a new affordable fashion label. They create fully co-ordinated classic clothing for the everyday man. The Tarocash summer range covers the sartorial spectrum from casual to formal wear. It features a wide array of shirts of every fabric in plain, floral, striped and aloha designs priced between $55 and $77. Suits also come in a range of fabrics and styles for between $170 and $250. The pants come in loose and tailored styles and retail for between $69 and $80, and shorts are around $45. There is also a range of T-shirts available in a rainbow of colors for around $30. Tarocash is available from David Jones, Grace Brothers and leading menswear boutiques nationally.

AND THE WINNERS ARE . . .

The winners of the Gordon's Gin Competition, featured in a previous Loose Ends section of *Australian Penthouse*, were: Mr Andrew Baker, Wollongong, NSW; Mr Peter Lyons, Southport, Qld; Ms Diane Cox, Rose Park, SA; Mr R. Klohs, Normanhurst, NSW; Ms Lindy Green, Bellingen, NSW. For supplying us with a variation on the Gordon's Gin Martini, each wins a Gordon's Gin prize comprising a Bridge set with a black leather case, a 750ml stainless steel cocktail shaker and a drinks tray. Each prize is valued at approximately $120.

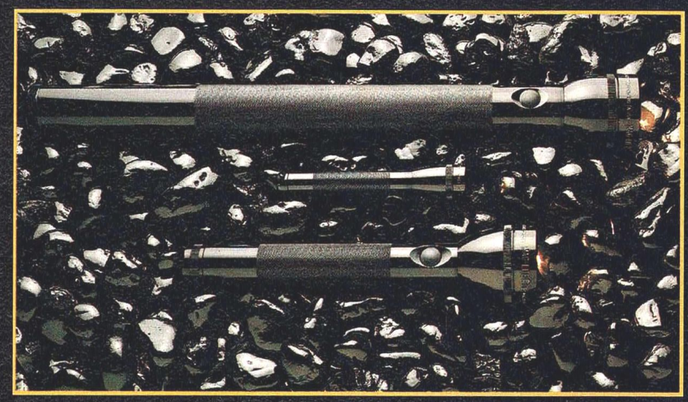
POCKET TV

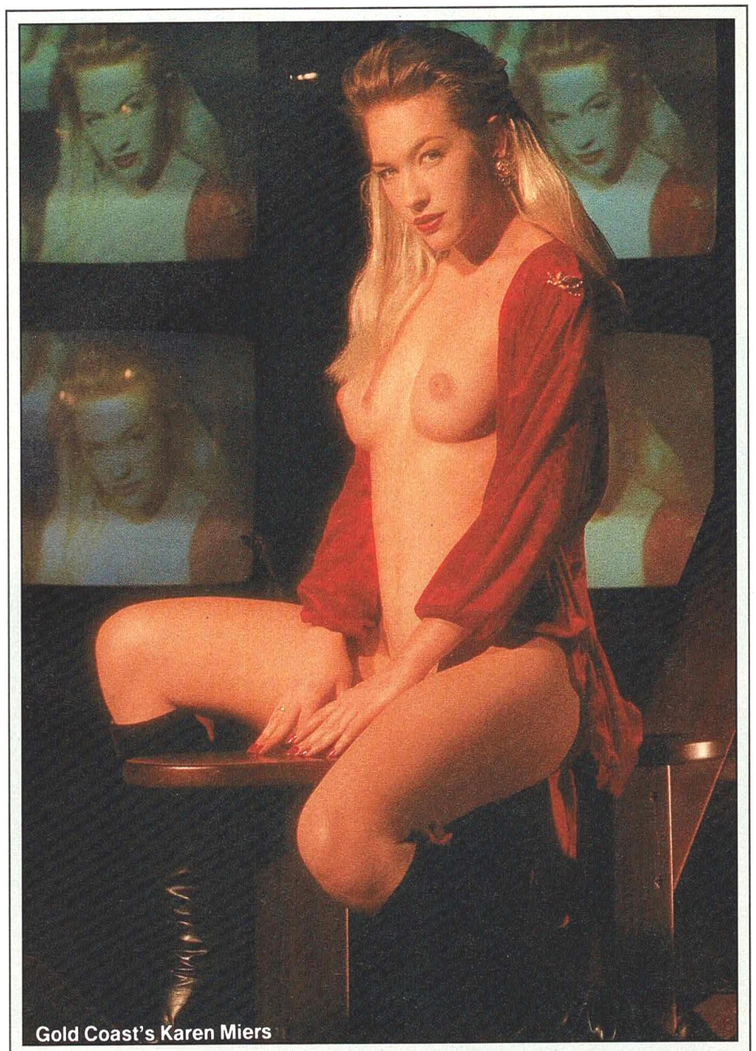
Philips has launched a new matchbox TV, the Active Matrix Pocket CTV. At only 9.5cm in diameter, it slips conveniently into your pocket to keep you amused during boredroom meetings, speeches and any other occasion you need to tune out and tune in. It also features an AM/FM receiver. You can also use it as a color monitor for the camcorder. This new model has been improved with "active matrix" using thin film transistor technology (TFT) that presents pictures where movement does not smear or leave a trail. The active matrix technology improves picture contrast, color and brightness for the LCD screen. The flat square LCD screen reduces light reflection, thus improving viewing in the bright outdoors as well as in the home or office.

The receiver covers the international VHF and UHF TV bands with 60 channels, and receives both the PAl and Secam-LL systems. The pocket TV is powered by mains, through a car's cigarette lighter socket, or by internal alkaline non-chargeable or NiCad rechargeable batteries, with a built-in charger for the NiCads. This new top performance tiny TV retails for around $899. Call Mark Leathan from Philips on (02) 742 8311 for more information.

LEADING LIGHTS

You need never be caught in the dark again with the new Mag Lite torches from Remo. These torches feature indestructible machine aircraft aluminium bodies and come with a lifetime guarantee. They are the choice of fire brigades around the world for their light intensity and durability. Precision optics make them up to 70 times brighter than conventional torches. The beam is adjustable from a spot to a flood with a twist of the lens and O-ring seals make them water, dust and explosion proof. You can choose from larger models or the compact Mini-mag line — a tiny light that will outperform most fullsize torches — or the mini-Mag Combo Pack. Prices range in proportion to torch size and strength from $45 to $85. They are available from Remo on the corner of Oxford and Crown Streets, Sydney.





Gold Coast's Karen Miers

A QUICK PEEK AT DECEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE

Hard Knocks — Jeff Harding's light-heavyweight world title win is now boxing history. The raw-boned boy from the bush fought his way to the top when he overcame Dennis Andries in the final round of their bout in Atlantic City. The real story behind Harding's fairy tale win has never been told. Next month, sports writer Grantlee Kieza, who was Harding's second for the fight, tells the rivetting story of the champion's graduation from the school of hard knocks.

That Fucking Kev's Back — If Kevin Bloody Wilson was singing for shit he'd be two turds in debt, as he would no doubt put it. But it's not the medium, it's the message — an hilarious mixture of bawdy ballads and raw comedy that's poised to spread *real* Australian yobbo culture around the globe faster than Paul Hogan can swallow a prawn. Catch Kev's act in December *Australian Penthouse*.

Pet Of The Month — 19-year-old Gold Coast dancer Karen Miers aspires to be a sex symbol in the Bardot and Monroe mould — a rather unusual ambition in this strange age of equality. When you observe Karen's startlingly sensual good looks in our big Christmas issue you'll agree that December's Pet of the Month outshines any starlet in Australia's celluloid solar system.

Porsche vs BMW — Next month's *Penthouse* pits a Porsche 928S against BMW's K100Rs motorcycle. It's a car versus bike in an unusual contest that includes acceleration, cornering and some hard stops. Not your average road test but the results are remarkable. Find out which machine wins the duel in December *Australian Penthouse*.

THE AUDI ENIGMA

Continued from page 52

cashed-up car buffs who desire four-door practicality and know what a quattro badge buys.

It amounts to much more than a claimed top speed of 218 km/h and zero-100 km/h in 8.4 secs. It's a case of not what it does, but how it does it. The quattro system brings benefits of increased driving stability — particularly in slippery conditions — with extraordinary grip between all four wheels and the road surface.

While the passenger Audi quattro is not intended for activity normally reserved for the regular all-terrain workhorses — Nissan Patrol, Toyota Landcruiser, et al — country squires recognise the attractions of a rugged sedan with such adhesion. Snow, ice, dirt, mud — easy.

These distinct safety advantages in marginal conditions extend to the less demanding scenario of fine weather highway travel. Because the driving forces are distributed to all four wheels instead of two, the quattro is capable of transmitting higher lateral forces. Translated, this means it has the luxury of far more grip when cornering.

Suspension has been revised to cope with the tougher requirements of a more powerful engine and four-wheel drive configuration. The quattro sits 25mm closer to the road and wears firmer springs and gas-filled dampers, with aero design light alloy rims and wide-section 50-series Goodyear Eagles.

Performance-related equipment also includes ABS anti-lock braking (which can be switched off if required) and a strong rear spoiler made of aluminium and finished in the appropriate body color. When the going gets really shitty, the driver can engage a rear differential lock for added traction when moving off.

The car tested by *Penthouse* was tight as a barramundi's backside with but 1200 klicks on the odometer. Audis don't begin to reveal their true colors until the engines have at least passed the 5000 km mark.

But there was no need to extend the engine to discover its remarkable adhesion. Finding the absolute cornering limits would be extremely difficult and probably rather messy. The vehicle would have to be travelling at a manic rate.

Even at high speeds and generating big G levels, it is such a reassuring motor car with impressive resistance to being destabilised or deflected by bumps and blemishes in the road while swooping through bends.

And swooping into the consciousness of Australians. The 20-valve 90 quattro kicks off a new age for Audi in Australia. People outside of its small circle of enthusiastic supporters may now acknowledge its existence and appreciate its innovative design and engineering competence.

PETER STUYVESANT

...so much more to enjoy!

RMP3972 RF
APB9451-C